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A WAIF IN WESTCHESTER.

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By the banks of Bronx
As I wandered lately,
All among tree-trunks
That were tall and stately,
Towards me came a lass,
Blue-eyed, ruddy, smiling,
Tripping o'er the grass
In a way beguiling.

Her in humble guise
Briefly I accosted,
Saying—"Me advise,
Since I am not posted,
How the bridge to find
O'er this brook that crosses,
For I've gone it blind
Gathering of mosses."

"Kind sir," she replied
(Silvery was her speaking),
"I will be your guide
To the bridge you're seeking:"
Then, as on I trudged
By her side, enchanted,
She for me, I judged,
Was the wife I wanted.

"Pretty maid," I cried,
On my right knee dropping,
"Will you be my bride?
Near the bridge I'm stopping."
"Nay, good sir," quoth she,
"Spare me your addresses,
Yonder man is he
Who my heart possesses."

"What! that stripling thin
With the trowsers yellow?
If I once went in,
How I'd lick that fellow!
Dare he cross my path,
Him with woe I'd visit,
Gawky, shaky, lath!
That's your sweetheart, is it?"

"No, sir, not that one,
But yon blacksmith burly,
With the red shirt on
And black hair so curly;
We have married been
Just three months to-day, sir—
There's the bridge—good e'en,
For I must away, sir."

From the banks of Bronx
Then away I scooted,
Nor felt easy, once,
Till ten miles I'd footed;
And a vow I made
Ne'er again to go it
Blind in Bronx's glade;
Never—if I know it. —LIGHTFOOT.

VIOLET'S TRIUMPH.

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING IN THE CURTAINS.

Berenice Marcastle returned from the theatre fatigued, and was she not, too, just a little out of humor? Her acting had not been less powerful than usual, nor had the audience seemed less appreciative; but there was, nevertheless, some secret care or annoyance which she could not get rid of; and when she stepped from the carriage it was to enter the house and go directly to her room.

A kind of anger was very evident in her handsome eyes and tightened lips, and her motions were abrupt and irritable—in such little things as the throwing-down of her gloves and fan even—and not to be misunderstood.

"Shall you need me, madame?" asked the French maid.

"No," was the very direct reply, and Ma'amselle Josephine withdrew, not a little curious.

Then came impatient undressing, and at length, after many a sigh and groan, a long, long look in the gaunt mirror, and a smoothing-back of the glorious hair from the beautiful face—cold, classic, queenly—and then—the bell down-stairs.

Berenice started and listened, and could it be that she was anxious or hopeful? Would no one come to say whose peal that was?

Yes, a light footstep, and the maid again.

"Dr. Midnight, madame, begs the favor of one minute."

"I have retired to my room, and it is too late," was the reply. "But, stay—tell him I will be down."

Next a dressy evening dress, and then descent.

Dr. Midnight was turning over the leaves of an album, and looked up with a smile as she entered; but Berenice's face was still grave.

"You must be aware that it is very late," she said.

He touched his watch, which sprang open like an eye, and shook his head.

"Something after eleven; I missed you to-night before you left the theatre."

"I was tired."

"And looked almost as if you were running away to avoid me."

"No—at least, I did not mean anything of the kind. Appearances may be construed anyway, you know."

"True enough."

There was a little silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Berenice, I don't think you are pleased with me," he said presently, shutting up the book and leaning his arms upon its crimson back, his eyes prepared to meet hers when she should raise them.

"Why should I not be?"

"The very question I meant to ask when you had answered my first, which was one by implication," he said.

"Well, I confess that I wish I knew you better."

He rose and went over to her and took her hand.

"You know me as I am, Berenice, and as much of me as I know of myself. Come, let us leave this child's play for others—we have more the temperament to enjoy it. I could not rest this night until I had seen you and heard my fate. You have said that you care something for me—tell me now if you will be my wife!"

"If I could believe——" she hesitated.

"In my love, my truth, my honor!" he rejoined. "It is not the day when people go down on their knees and swear; but if you wish *that* proof, demand it."

"No; I am not in the theatre."

"Then I ask again whether you will come to me and share my life?"

He bent full upon his shoulder, and perhaps there was a whisper such as he desired to hear; but he knew that he had won, and henceforth these two were betrothed.

It was strange; but how soon they began to make plans for their future life—building all sorts of aerial architecture even at this stage—and then somehow they came by degrees back to the previous subject.

"Tell me now, Berenice, why you ran away," he said.

There was no denying it now, and an arch laugh responded to his question, and then came the truth.

"I think I must have been a little jealous when you praised that pretty girl you met so warmly."

"Jealous!"

"Yes; and nothing less, though I should be ashamed to confess it, shouldn't I? But ——" she said, glancing at the clock—"mustn't you go? See how late it is."

"The pretty girl was a stranger, Berenice. I had never seen her before and ——"

"Yes, you *will* see her again; but I hope not to fall in love with her."

"The danger is not great, I think."

"Ah, who can tell!" she sighed. "But, indeed, you must go, and—who's that?"

There was a quick rap at the door, and before any answer could be given it opened suddenly and a stout, formidable lady plunged in, who was the actress' duenna, Mrs. Spriddle. This was Mrs. Spriddle's way.

Dr. Midnight then rose, and after a little more desultory chat, which need not be chronicled, he took his leave.

"A very pretty night," he mused, as he sauntered along the street in rather high spirits; "and, my handsome Berenice, sleep well and dream of me! Oh, am I doing well, I wonder, to think now—at last—of marriage, the domestic virtues and the fireside content, or will the shadow come between again and darken my life? Could I but look into the seeds of time—and yet who knows that it should love the flower that must one day bloom? Will its perfume sweeten my future life, or shall it be some baneful mandragora that will lock my senses to sleep with its treacherous breath, and end the dream in death?"

As he uttered the last words in a low whisper, as people sometimes commune alone, he felt a light touch on the shoulder, and, swiftly turning, he found himself face to face with a strangely dressed man whom he did not recognize.

The street was dark and lonely, and the stranger met absolutely prepossessing in appearance, and a braver man than Dr. Midnight might have fallen back a step. But the next moment the man—a medium-sized, lounging, dark, seafaring sort of person—spoke, and then Dr. Midnight seemed to recognize him instantly.

"Spriddle."

"Yes, Doctor," said the other in a whining tone. "How have you been, sir? I'm sure you're looking very well."

"Why are you hanging about here, Spriddle?"

He hesitated a little, and then, rather sheepishly, replied: "I've been trying all the evening to see the gentleman. She left me again, and won't have anything to do with me, because I can't get employment. I'm willing to work if I could get it to do; but luck seems ag'in me somehow."

"It always will be while you drink."

"Well, I get low-spirited and take a drop too much sometimes; but I wouldn't if things was better."

"Why did you leave the sugar-loaf ship?" asked Dr. Midnight, pausing at the word.

Spriddle shook his head with much meaning.

"Enemies, sir!" he said viciously. "I've a long account to settle with a good many people, and the day will come. Besides, I didn't like the work at the 'sylum; it wasn't in my line; and I couldn't get on with the other nurses. Somehow I had to be boss, and I thought my right was as good as anybody's, and I——"

"I understand, Spriddle. They wouldn't be bullied by one of themselves who was as much bound to work as they. Why did you stop me?"

Dr. Midnight was now, I think, beginning to be vexed; for he trifled nervously with his watch-chain, and a dark frown had settled upon his pale forehead.

"I wanted to see if you could get me anything to do. I am very willing, sir."

"Then why don't you go to sea again?" Spriddle fell back, thunderstruck.

"Before the mast! A common seaman!" he gasped. "No, sir. I'd sooner ——"

"Grind your wife's small wages from her, eh?"

Spriddle pulled at his long, black beard in silence; but there was a wicked glitter in his black eyes, and if ever a man's outward appearance stamped him an utterly good-for-nothing rascal, Mr. Spriddle's certainly did.

"Well, I can do nothing for you, and, moreover, if I could, it would be kindness thrown away. I suppose you remember how you behaved the last time I saw you."

"That was because I had been making a little merry, sir, and had carried it too far. I was very sorry when I came to my senses again."

"No doubt. Take good advice and keep them. I promise nothing; but if anything *should* occur by which you may have a chance to profit, how can I communicate with you?"

Spriddle gave his address, and presently they separated; but it was easy to see that Mr. Spriddle was not a particularly grateful man, for at the moment the other had turned his back, he shook his fist with a menacing energy that, if wishes were deeds, might have been sufficient to crush out Dr. Midnight's life then and there.

But *he* went striding on, thinking doubtless of the interview just ended, and not well pleased, for the sombre frown was still resting upon his face, and now and then he angrily shook his head at some specially disagreeable thought, and so he passed under the yellow lamps of the street one after the other, until his tall form at length melted into the distant darkness.

Meanwhile Berenice had returned up-stairs to her room, and much more radiant was her expression now, and all the previous weariness had vanished. Something long waiting seemed to have come into her life and made all its proportions at last harmonious; for she felt and believed that she was truly beloved. He was older than herself—a strange, sometimes gloomy and always eccentric man—but his love was flattering, and why should it not be sincere and lasting? It was impossible that they should not be happy together, and perhaps some day—very, very soon, if he so wished—she could leave this toilsome public life, that had so many more griefs than joys, and exchange it for one where sorrow came not at all.

All this she thought over as she stood at the window, which she had raised a little, so that she might breathe the cool air of the night and grow more calm; for her heart was still beating, only less rapidly than at the moment when he had asked her to be his wife. Now she came away and settled herself in the great chair in the middle of the room, to ponder and build castles higher and higher and brighter than any yet. They rose at her bidding, and their points and spires, and their fair walls, glittered with all the rainbow light which her rich imagination could cast; and so passed moment after moment away, until the actress slept. She did not heed now the cool air blowing in at the window, and tossing the curtains there, and making the gaslight flare and flicker. Waking dreams had given way to those of slumber, and what were they that she should wear so fair a smile? But they were not realities, and better, indeed, had such filled her thoughts; for if ever human being were in danger, Berenice Marcastle was now.

For what was that lurid serpent coiling among the cloud of curtains there—writhing in and out—crimson, yellow and white—and always growing as it swiftly passed along!

Hark! there are cries in the street, and the swift tramp of footsteps, and a sharp bell peals out. Others follow, and the clamor rises even as the flame continues to gather and envelop everything there within its relentless folds.

Berenice wakes with a start, and stares with fright around. She is shut in, and lost!

CHAPTER V.

WHAT VIOLET FOUND EMPTY.

At the instant Violet and Lucius reached the top landing of the stairs, they heard footsteps ascending below them. Violet inhaled a moment—Violet's heart fluttering—and then who should come into view but Mr. Melton, the manager, and his friend Mr. Harold Fitzclarence.

"We have been able to come rather sooner than expected," said the latter.

Violet murmured a word of thanks and opened the door. Uncle Dick was standing in the middle of the floor, and Violet first observed the singular expression of his eyes. A wild, glassy look filled them, and at sight of her this lurid stare gave way to something like a comic grin. She was frozen to the spot with surprise. Her lips refused to utter a word; and as for Lucius, his bewilderment was almost as great.

"Come back again!" said the old man, in a husky, uncertain voice. "Vi'let, ch-child, you didn' shtay long, jid you, jear? Looshus, my boy, thas right to bring her back shafe. Take a fatherah bleshin—I mean, an uncle's. All shame thing, aint it? But value it, Looshus—thash the idea. Respect your elders and follow their counsel. Shenioribus prioribush, ash the Latin poet writesh. Honor thy parensh that thy daysh may be long in the land—don't shay *what* land—but probably Po-land or Ireland, eh?"

And here the old man gave way to a kind of idiotic laughter, which nearly shook him off his feet. The manager and his friend had hitherto remained a little in the shadow, and they now advanced a step. Uncle Dick seemed to catch sight of them for the first time, and attempted to steady himself. He straightened up his body until it became ludicrously rigid, and buttoned his coat across the breast, and tried to resume a grave demeanor of countenance. But this last was a failure. The distortion of its habitual expression was even more painful than before.

"Visitorsh!" he exclaimed, waving his hand with great hospitality. "Welcome, signors, welcome! We lacked your counsel and your help to-night. What news have you from Elshinore?"

With a quick gasp, Violet darted across the room to the chimney-piece, and saw the bottle standing there, its cork drawn. She held the vial to the light and found it—empty!

"O Uncle Dick, Uncle Dick! what have you done!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, and falling into the chair that stood by the table.

"Vi'let," answered Richard Skindle, with the same imbecile laugh as before, "don't, *don't* give way to your feelings, my chile. I bloke—bl—boke my ph—promishe, Lusie, didn't, little gal? Thash nothing. People do shame thing ev'y day. S'common skurcumstans—or'nary affair in thish world."

He tottered forward a little and then, lurching suddenly, tottered back to the former spot. All the time his head was nodding mechanically, and his body swayed from side to side. Upon the whole, his appearance was not pleasant.

Lucius, by this time, had crossed the room to condole with Violet, and she had her face hid in her arms on the table and was sobbing bitterly. The manager and Mr. Fitzclarence, who were men of the world and used to scenes, had certainly not expected anything of this kind; but they betrayed not the least surprise. They were doubtless sorry for Violet; but, true to a comfortable theory common to their class, viewed the whole business rather from a humorous than an emotional standpoint; and not unjustly, for Uncle Dick began such extraordinary proceedings presently that it would have been difficult for Plato himself to have denied that they were diverting.

"Dick," said the dramatist, advancing, "don't you know me? My name is Fitzclarence. Don't you remember Harry Fitz, who played the walking gents at Scaborough—and played them badly too—some twelve years ago?"

Dick stared stupidly at him, smoothing his forehead the while, and seemingly endeavoring to summon again memory, which, as the divine Sir William says, is the warder of the brain, to his post; but it was some minutes before the call was answered.

"True!" he shouted. "Your hand, Harry of Lancaster! A worthier man my conversation ne'er coped with. Ah, you were no great actor, Harry; but I thas—I was a monarch in those days, eh?"

"Yes, yes; and so you might be still, had you remained true to yourself."

"Don't preach! Don't sermonize, Harry. I hate it, for it drives me mad—and who's that with you?" he asked, suddenly catching sight of Mr. Melton.

"Oh, this is Mr. Melton, the manager of the Parthenon. We thought we would drop in for a minute or two, as we had learned you were here. Friendly, you know—old times—and all that."

"Old times, yes!" cried Dick, and then abruptly and beautifully, in a sweet baritone voice, he turned the refrain of the song:

"Oh, call not back the long ago—the long ago!
It will not come. Forever gone
My youth; and now are days of woe—days of woe!
A weary heart, and I'm alone.
Old times, old times ne more!"

This was so exquisitely done that the effect was an instantaneous and hearty encore. Even Violet raised her head.

"No!" answered Dick; "never again. This skull had a tongue in it *once*, and could sing; but the power is gone—the power is gone. I am *old* Dick, now—out of date, and no engagement to be had."

He shut out the sight of them with his hands for a second or so, and then took them away, laughing.

"That voice would take yet, Dick, believe me," said Fitz, who had been really impressed by the depth and richness of its tones.

"No; I fear it is cracked, like its master. Ha, ha! But it was full of golden notes once—I could sing then—and, sirs, I could dance, too."

Suddenly he snatched a violin from the wall in that kind of inebriated impulse which causes men to do unaccountable things better than they could do them soberly, and began to play. The tune was of the merriest, and in an instant Dick's legs were going actively, indeed. If ever fiddle gave forth catching music, poor old Dick's did then; and Fitz, who was a gay, mercurial fellow, and had caught the spirit of the scene from the beginning, began an old-fashioned jig on his own account. Melton laughed at them both until he was tired; and Violet and Lucius, in the background, stared wonderingly, and now and then exchanging whispers of surprise. At length, with a wild sweep of the bow, the player's head gave out and his feet followed suit, and the room was for a while quiet again.

"By Jove, Skindle," cried the manager, "you dance marvelously well! I never before saw anything like it."

"Nothing to speak of, sir—nothing to what I could do once. I am old and worn out," murmured Dick sadly. "All the world grants that."

"Aye, but few younger men could dance better, I am sure, and for my part I never saw any."

While he was speaking he had taken a seat. A ghastly pallor had come over his face.

"Gentlemen, the exertion has been too much for me," he gasped. "My heart is beating—and—and my brain burns like fire! I am—am dying!"

Violet rose, frightened. Fitz and Melton advanced toward him anxiously; but he pushed them away.

"Stand off!" he cried, his eyes suddenly wild and savage as a tiger's. "Stand off!"

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the manager.

Fitz thought he knew; but he must not say aloud. He whispered two ominous letters to his companion; and the other nodded. They drew back.

And now the mirth gave way suddenly to something almost too hideous for detail. Richard Skindle was seized with a fit. His countenance assumed a deep purple, his eyes glared like those of a wild beast, and his body trembled from head to foot. Froth foamed from his mouth and his teeth grated together, and his fingers clawed madly at his neckcloth.

Imagine the consternation! Violet shrieked, and would have run from the room, had not Lucius besought her to remain; while the visitors consulted as to what must be done.

"This is terrible!" groaned the manager, who heartily wished he had not come here at all. "I never before saw the like. My blood runs cold."

"We must loosen his cravat."

"I wouldn't touch him for my empire! Let me get out, for God's sake! I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

"And yet," rejoined Fitzclarence earnestly, "this is nature! Suppose an audience should see a sight like this presented on the stage!"

"Don't cackle; but do something for the man! Look—look! Talk of an audience—they would run from such a scene in horror! See here, Fitz—there!"

Skindle had risen. Beating the air wildly with his hands, a haggard stare imprinted upon his face, he slowly moved across the room, while those who looked on were icy with dismay.

"Heaven care for the poor devil!" cried Melton, utterly overcome. "I can't remain an instant longer."

"Stay, Mr. Melton," said a quiet voice suddenly. "This, sir, is all *acting*."

The manager turned. The maniac was no more. In place of him stood Uncle Dick, calm, sober, grave and sad. They all looked on open-mouthed, incredulous—doubting, indeed, their very eyes and ears.

"Acting!" gasped Fitz.

The comedian nodded in the same singular manner—thoughtful, not unamused, perhaps, if the truth were known, but underneath nothing but earnestness.

"The exhibition that you have seen was merely a bit of stage-playing, gentlemen," he continued. "I am quite as fully in possession of my senses as yourselves."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the mystified manager, sinking into the nearest seat.

Fitz readily grasped the dramatic effect, being always on the lookout for such things, and very quickly burst into the heartiest of laughter.

"Splendid!" he shouted. "A miracle, upon my honor! Huzza, Dick! Let me shake hands with you, and tell you what an actor you really are!"

And old Dick's fingers were squeezed, I promise you.

Violet ran to him and threw her arms round his neck, and, of course, cried, and Lucius whistled. Uncle Dick could not resist his little girl by producing a cup from a dark corner in which there was a liquid that had an odor suspiciously like that which used to fill the corpulent Dutch bottle; and this, of course, was a final proof—though none was needed—that Dick's promise was not broken.

And now imagine the bustle, all having come to their senses except the comedian, who, as we know, had had his all along, and picture the comments of each

"Mr. Skindle," said the manager magnanimously, "you are the best actor I ever saw."

Dick shook his head.

"Too old—out of date, sir—infirm—and my brain and voice all three affected."

"Nonsense! You are in the prime of life, and what rubbish to talk of a voice that can sing 'Old Times' as you sang it; and a body that can imitate the imbecility of drunkenness as you did; and legs that can dance like young legs; and—why, hang me, if I can credit it all yet!"

"Well," said Fitz, "you wanted to see natural acting, and now you have seen it. You thought you could not be received, but you have been."

"I have—I have, Fitz, and I admit it." Then the manager turned to Violet. "Miss Keningham, in inducing me to come here you have done me a kindness a—favor—a service—that I shall not soon forget. In return, I beg that your uncle will name his own terms, the engagement to begin immediately."

"Then, sir," said Dick rather radiantly, "you think I am not superannuated, after all?"

"Humbug!" rejoined the manager. "I've just the place for you; or if you choose—and it would be better—you shall open in a new part. Fitz has something in hand, and he can measure you to the eighth of an inch. Now for terms."

"Postpone that consideration till to-morrow," suggested Fitz.

"Who would believe the time had so swiftly passed (Miss Keningham, have you never thought of the stage?"

Violet laughed shyly; and I wonder did she ever thought of that strange life? Lucius looked a little vexed, for he had perhaps often feared Miss Keningham might have taken some such notion into that pretty head of hers; but there was very little more speculation on this point just now, for a voice in the street suddenly shouted "Fire!" and a red shadow danced grimly upon the window-pane.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THEY MET.

Lucius ran thither to look out.

"Great Heaven. Miss Marcastle's house is a-fire!"

This brought the others, and his words were found but too true. The flames were pouring from the windows on the second floor, and the smoke and sparks rolled up together, forming a terribly beautiful starry canopy for the roof. The street was already filled with an excited crowd, and presently, with many a rumble and shriek, the engines arrived and quickly unlimbered. In the midst of this racket a figure appeared at one of the windows of the burning house.

"Berenice!" exclaimed Melton and Fitzclarence in a breath, and both with a common impulse dashed down-stairs into the street.

For a moment or two the actress appeared to be really in danger; but one of those long ladders with which we are familiar was soon placed, and, a man running up with the agility of a cat, she was soon safe in his strong arms; and then readily found terra firma again.

By this time Richard Skindle had gone out, and he had them bring Berenice into his lodgings, and handsome Miss Marcastle looked just now very much like ordinary mortals indeed; for she was white as death, tremulous and ill, and could hardly utter a word. Many a "fire scene" had she performed in on the stage, and often had her apparent danger been far greater than the present; but their rehearsals had not at all prepared her for the reality.

But so—as the people who had followed in were turned out, restoratives administered, and Berenice recovered a little; and then came the additional good news that the fire had been extinguished, after having done much less damage than was anticipated. This last intelligence was brought by stout Mrs. Spriddle. Following so much excitement came that peculiar calm which is so weird and sad, and in this interval Mr. Fitzclarence thought fit to introduce Violet.

"I hope you feel much better, Miss Marcastle," she said with that pretty smile which so became her.

Berenice was evidently much struck with Violet's sweet face and gentle manner, and took her hand and pressed it—an unusual piece of demonstrativeness for her.

"Thank you, yes;" she said, "but I shall be nervous for a long time. I was asleep in the chair, and fancy the terrible awakening! I stood for a while utterly paralyzed, and it seemed superhuman exertion that at length drew me to the window."

Mr. Melton had been dying, as the expression goes, to ask a question of his own; but feared it would not be quite in taste.

Berenice had now recovered so far, however, that he determined to venture it.

"I suppose," he said, with a dubious laugh, "that we shan't be able to play for a day or two?"

"Indeed, it will be *for a month or two, rather,*" was Miss Marcastle's decided answer. "I shall leave town for some quiet place in the country, and never so much as open a newspaper or look at a playbill while I am there."

The manager groaned. This was worse than he had even feared. At the utmost he had not expected Berenice to take longer leave than a fortnight, and here she was about to take a couple of months!

"But," he argued persuasively, and trying the smile which had sometimes wrought such wonders, "that will bring us up to June, when the season closes you know. I haven't thought of a thing for April and May."

"My dear Mr. Melton," said Berenice, who knew that he was rather selfish, "if I were to act to-morrow or next week, I should fail to a certainty. There will be much curiosity to see me after this accident of to-night, and I must not appear to be hopelessly affected by it."

This suggested one drop of comfort at any rate. The fire would prove a tremendous advertisement. Mr. Melton already saw a vision of amazing profit from it.

"The country is dreadfully stupid and dreary just now," he said, catching at another chance. "I was down at Baldoo's place last week, and meant to stay a week by Jove. He has the nicest establishment I ever saw—ducks, fish, oysters, and what not. But I was glad to get away the same afternoon I went. I thought I should die—it was so dull and cold and wretched generally."

"But it will be quiet and a change," answered Berenice, "and that is all I wish. After all, I don't believe I shall come back till next September."

"No manager hopes such lower and lower, and I am afraid his inwardly blessed Miss Marcastle for her obstinacy. For his part he half believed it was all laziness, and not nerves at all.

"I've been nervous," he thought, "many a time—and my whole body quivering, too—couldn't sleep, eat, or sit still; but I didn't find it necessary to run away to the country for two years."

"Do you like the country?" asked Violet.

"When I get a little older and a little richer," answered Berenice, smiling, but very much in earnest. "I shall live there altogether. We all have our dreams, and that, Miss Keningham, is mine."

Violet wondered. So handsome, so famous so courted, so much money, and that for a life's dream!

"A little cottage," continued the actress; "not *a* bit large," she emphasized, "and a garden, and perhaps a little brook very near and solitude."

The manager became secretly more irritated still at this sketch of Berenice's idea of happiness, and he set it down as "rubbish."

"Women don't know what they want," he philosophized. "Here she is making thousands—all kinds of excitement and pleasure at her command—and pining for a little trumpery cabin in the woods!"

"That would be nice for Summer," said Violet, after thinking for a moment.

"For Summer and the Winter both," answered Berenice. "When I realize this ideal, it shall last. When Berenice Marcastle disappears, it will be forever. There is comfort in knowing that I shall soon be forgotten."

"Not soon," murmured Violet.

The actress sighed.

"You will see when I go, and if you had led my life you would see almost by instinct," she replied, very thoughtfully indeed.

Meanwhile Mr. Melton had been whispering to Fitz, and chatting with Uncle Dick—all three faces very serious; and now the manager spoke:

"If you are determined to take the holiday, we shall have to put up a series of old comedies—we can get up two or three with a pretty good cast—and in the interval arrange Fitz's new piece, in which Mr. Skindle here is to reappear. But, confound it, who is to do the heroine? There isn't a soul I'd be willing to trust the part with but you, Miss Marcastle—and I'm just at my wit's end."

He pulled that magnificent moustache in the most bewildered way, and frowned, and it was really not difficult to see that he had spoken the truth. Berenice was good-natured, and, though the manager's perplexity amused her, she could not help pitying him.

"If the piece should only get a good start," he went on, "it would have the chance of a run, you know; but without that it won't be kept in the bills a week."

"Then," said Berenice kindly, "I will take the part, if I *can* play it all, for the one single week. Now, there, isn't that enough to promise, Miss Keningham?"

Violet thought so, and Fitz was delighted.

"Nothing more could be reasonably asked," he said, "and such a start will carry us through to June at the earliest. We expect a great deal of old Dick here, don't we, Richard? And we are not going to be disappointed."

This was the close for a short narrative of what had taken place just previous to the cry of fire, and Berenice was greatly amused; but, I think, none of the others was so much pleased as pretty Violet. And then the conversation became very general, and touched upon many things; but Mr. Melton soon brought it skilfully back to the starting-point.

"It is very late," he said, looking at his handsome watch; "and, Fitz, we can't go in the morning, that is certain. Mr. Skindle, I hope you will find time to come round to the theatre to-morrow night. And, hang it, the bill is to be changed, too! That's another bother. What can we substitute, Fitz?"

Fitz, the man of resources—the man who could rewrite a scene in any of his plays that didn't suit, five minutes before it was to be whistled on—was not at a loss here. He hastily sketched out an advertisement that must go to the newspaper offices at once:

"Owing to the serious nervous depression of Miss Berenice Marcastle, resulting from etc., etc., she would not be able to appear for several weeks, perhaps. In the interval a grand revival of the beautiful drama, with which the season was so successfully inaugurated, entitled 'Light and Shadow'"—and much more; but this is enough for our purpose.

And they laughed rather heartily over this effort of Fitz's imagination, and then came the movement for departure. Violet's room was at the service of Berenice, with Violet's company, of course; and somehow the two were already beginning to be quite good friends. Pat Mrs. Spriddle could be provided for by the landlady, and Violet ran down-stairs with the candle to see about it.

Dick pressed Lucius to remain; but the journalist was a late bird to bed and a later to rise, and preferred a walk to his own quarters for the opportunity it would give of thinking over things; and so he declined.

By-and-bye Violet came back, and all was arranged, according to her report; and now the adventures of the night were about to close. Unlucky for Lucius who have morbidly dramatic instincts, the incidents of real life seldom gather to a climax, as they do in plays. The curtain never comes down upon a tableau of interest or excitement; but the figures dissolve attitudes, and the chorus comes on and explains matters, and the end of the proper dramatic division is generally mild and prosy enough.

Instead, therefore, of anything sensational to emphasize Uncle Dick's good luck and Berenice's escape, behold Mr. Melton yawning drearily and buttoning his coat as he descends the stairs to the street, followed by Lucius and Fitz; and behold them next lighting their cigars and wondering where there is anything to be had at this hour that will prove, as they express it, "comforting."

Fitz knows, and Fitz marshals the way, and so they go on—the night waning, and the dawn about to walk over yon high eastern housetop.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PUZZLE, says *Land and Water*, for horticulturists has been forwarded by the French Bishop of Canton to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, in the shape of a plant which is a conspicuous specimen of the wonderful art possessed by the Chinese of leading nature astray. Not content with improving on the human fruit and producing pollard oaks, apparently of hoary antiquity, in China boris, they have succeeded in growing a plant which changes color three times a day.

A LOCAL paper says that at a revival in Jamestown, Chautauqua County, a short time ago, one of the brethren got the "power" and made a very impressive prayer, a part of which was the following: "Oh Lord, I feel like giving every poor man in this place a barrel of flour, and a barrel of pork, and a barrel of salt, and a barrel of pepper—oh, but that's altogether too much pepper."

VIGOR IN AGE.

"Oh, the days that are gone by; oh, the days so blithe and bland,
When my foot was light in dance, and the spear was in my hand;
Then my limbs and years were green—I could toil, and yet to spare,
And the foeman to his cost knew what strength and mettle were

Oh, the days that are gone by!
Now upon this head are strewn
Whiter hairs than ever shone
On the bird that breasts and braves
Silver-bosomed, argent waves;
Yet beneath this head of gray,
Latent fire and embers play;
And at urgent need I show
Youth on my determined brow.
Much, believe, should I repine,
Bart'ring these old limbs of mine
For a modern youngster's frame:
For the mouthings and the graces,
Braided locks and mincing faces,
Of the fopling who disgraces
Manly love and manhood's name."
—*From Aristophanes' Drama, "The Wasps."*

SWORN ON THE CRUCIFIX.

A THRILLING STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE BALZAC.

A little beyond the boundary of the town of Vendome, on the banks of the Loir, stands a gloomy old house with a high steep roof. It is quite solitary, not even those almost inseparable parasites of a little town—the unsavory tan-yard or the wretched *auberge*—are to be found near it. Between it and the river is a garden. Here the box borders, which once were closely trimmed to mark the edges of the paths, now spread where and as they will. A line of willows, the river's offspring, has shot upwards, and hides the dwelling on that side as effectually as a hedge. Noxious, rank weeds cover the sloping river-banks with their graceful vegetation. Fruit-trees, which bear fruit no longer, and which have been uncared for the last ten years, have thrust out their boughs in every direction, and have straggled into a thick brushwood. The untrimmed espaliers project like arbors. The paths were at one time neatly graveled; but now they are choked up with purslain, so that there is scarce a sign of path left visible. A spectator looking down from the hill, the side of which is cumbered with the ruins of the ancient chateau of the dukes of Vendome—the only point of view which commands this secluded spot—would say that at some time past this was the favorite retreat of some country gentleman delighting in his roses and lilies—a lover of gardening, in fact, and before all things a lover of good fruit. He would see a Summer-house, or rather the remains of one, and in its shade a table, not yet quite eaten away by time. At the sight of this wilderness, once a garden, the tranquil joys of a peaceful country life rise up before the imagination; and, to supplement these ideas, half sad and half sweet, one of the walls presents to the eye a sun-dial, with an inscription breathing the spirit of a narrow and homely Christianity: "*Ultimam cogita.*" The roof of the house is dilapidated; its shutters are always closed; its balconies are covered with swallows' nests, and its doors are always shut. Tall weeds have taken root in the interstices of the stonework, and everything that is iron is rust-eaten. The moon and the sun, Summer and Winter and snow, have dug their way into the woodwork, warped the beams, and fretted away the paint.

The melancholy silence which prevails in this spot is disturbed only by birds, cats, weasels, rats, and mice, who are free to move about, fight and devour one another, as they will. An invisible hand has written on all the place the word, mystery. If driven by curiosity, you went to look at the side of the house which faces the road, you would see a large door, round at the top, riddled with holes by the children of the neighborhood, who had doomed it to destruction ten years ago. Through the gaps in it one can see that perfect harmony exists between the deserted interior and the decay and ruin without. The same disorder reigns here also. The paving-stones in the court-yard are pushed away by tufts of weeds. The walls are furrowed with enormous cracks. The steps are thrust out of their places; the bell-cord is rotten; the spouts are broken. Last year the birds from it and passed over the place? Or has some tribunal condemned it to be sown with salt? Did its owners insult their God, or betray their country?" Such are the questions which suggest themselves; but there is no one to answer them. The empty, deserted house is an enigma, of which none can tell the meaning. It was formerly a little freehold farm, and it bears the name of La Grande Breteche. During my stay at Vendome, whither I had gone to attend a patient, it was one of my few pleasures to contemplate this strange abode. It was better than a historical ruin. Such a ruin is the centre of a group of memories of unimpeachable authenticity; but this habitation, still erect, though its destruction was being accomplished slowly by some avenging hand, held within it a secret—a thought unknown to the world outside. More than once in the evening I essayed to scale the formidable hedge which guarded its precincts. Once, when I had pressed it rapidly to her lips, and died. The fixed expression of her eyes makes me shudder still, when I think of it. She must have suffered much! There was a sense of joy in her last look, and it dwelt upon her face when she was dead. I carried the will away at the bottom of this wet shirt of night, and when I had appointed me her executor. She left all her property, with the exception of some trifling legacies, to the hospital at Vendome. But her dispositions with regard to La Grande Breteche were as follows: She directed me to leave the house for fifty years, to be reserved from the date of her death, in the state in which it should be found at the moment of her decease, forbidding access to the apartments to all persons whomsoever, declaring that no repairs of any kind were to be made, and even providing a fund for the payment of a watchman, if this should be necessary, in order to insure the complete execution of her intentions. If, at the end of this term, the wishes of the testatrix had been strictly fulfilled, the house was to go to my heirs, for Monsieur knows that notaries are not permitted to receive legacies; otherwise La Grande Breteche was to revert to the right heirs of the testatrix, as the law should direct. On a subject, however, to provise, that the conditions contained in a codicil annexed to the will, and which was not to be opened before the expiration of the said term, were to be by them fulfilled. The will was not disputed, and so——"

The tall, angular notary did not finish the sentence; but at the last words he looked at me with an air of triumph. I made him at once completely happy by complimenting him on his story.

"Monsieur," I said, "you have interested me deeply; I can fancy that I see her now before me, dying, paler than her winding-sheet; her brilliant eyes fill me with fear; I shall dream of her to night. But you must have formed some conjecture regarding the disposition of this eccentric will?"

"Monsieur," he said, with comical reserve, "I never allow myself to pass a judgment on people who have done me the honor of presenting me with a diamond."

After a little discussion of the matter, which led to nothing more interesting than a detailed account of all the conjectures of all the good people in the town concerning the mysterious codicil, M. Regnault took his leave, in high good humor. Then I sat down, placed my feet on the two dogs in the fireplace, and was plunging into a romance of the Radcliffe type based upon the information I had received from the legal lips of M. Regnault, when my door was opened, and my landlady—a fat, radiant, good-tempered person—entered the room.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "I suppose M. Regnault has been giving you his eternal story about La Grande Breteche?"

"He has, Mere Lepas."

"What did he tell you?"

I repeated in a few words the grim-freezing history of Madame de Merret. At each sentence my hostess stretched her neck forward, regarding me with the *auberyiste's* habitual perspicacity—a quality which combines something of the instinct of the gendarme with the astuteness of the spy and the cunning of the tradesman.

"My dear Dame Lepas," I added in conclusion, "you seem to know something more about the matter, eh? If not, why have you come up into my room?"

"Ah! on my faith as an honest woman, as truly as my name is Lepas ——"

"No oaths, please; your eyes are big with some secret. You know M. de Merret. What kind of a man was he?"

"M. de Merret was a fine man, and a good sort of a gentleman. He came from Picardy, and he was as hot as a pepper-box, as we say. He paid ready money for everything, he made no difficulties with anyone. He was rather wild, and the ladies found him very agreeable."

"What! because he was rather wild?" I asked my hostess.

"Very likely," she said. "You may suppose that he had something to recommend him when he could marry Madame de Merret, who—without wishing to say anything against others—was the most beautiful and wealthiest match in the country. She had near about twenty thousand livres a year. The whole town was at the wedding. The bride was a little engaging creature, quite a jewel of a woman. Ah! they made a lovely couple!"

"Were they happy in their married life?"

"H'm! h'm! Yes and no—so far, at least, as one can judge; for you don't suppose that we townsfolk lived hand and glove with them. Madame de Merret was a good little woman, very quiet, and she had a good deal to bear sometimes; but, though he was a little proud, we liked him. It was natural for him to be like that. When one's a gentleman, you see ——"

"But there must have been some catastrophe, to make them separate in the violent way they did?"

"I never said there was any catastrophe. I don't know anything at all about it."

"I am quite sure now you know everything."

"Well, monsieur, I'll tell you all about it."

CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters requiring information replied to only through this column. Where a collateral has solicited information upon the following queries put by sundry readers. As no response have been received, we take an interest in the conundrums. I take the liberty of submitting them to THE CLIPPER, confident that they will be answered promptly and accurately, *secundum usus*. 1. Are there now any houses standing in this city which were built of the little, yellow, Dutch brick so common in ante-Revolutionary times? 2. Where is the oldest house in this city located? 3. Is a child born in this country just prior to his father declaring his intentions eligible to the Presidency of the United States? 4. Did the nineteenth century begin just after Dec. 31, 1799, or in 1801? Both opinions are held. 5. Was the news of President Lincoln's assassination sent to England by mail or cable?"..... 1. Yes; several, on Broadway, Broad and other down-town streets. 2. There is no absolutely reliable record; but it is fair to assume that the old Francis Tavern, standing at northeast corner of Broad and Pearl, is as old as any other. It was built about 1729, although there was a mans house in Cherry street said to have been built in 1701 or 1702, and which may be still standing. 3. Yes. A declaration of intention on the part of the parent, or even his taking out his papers, does not affect the case. There is a too prevalent belief that a foreigner's son born here must take out his naturalization papers in order to vote, if his father has never been naturalized. But this belief is based on a myth, and is fortified by declarations in print, is a mere fiction of the enemy, designed to keep the ignorant or the timid away from the polls. When the son of a resident alien is born here, the United States claims him as a citizen by virtue of his nativity; and that son, in return, can claim to exercise all the rights of native-born citizenship, one of which is to be President, provided the United States if he is thirty-five years of age, and has for fourteen mature years resided within the United States. On the other hand, he does not forfeit his citizenship if he goes to England to reside, or if his father, being either a naturalized or a native-born citizen, he is born beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, whether his father dies or lives. George G. Meade, who was born in Cadiz, Spain) is representing this Government abroad, or residing abroad unofficially. 4. There can be but one opinion that is worth enquiring. It began Jan. 1, 1801. 5. By mail, the cable not having worked between Sept. 1, 1865, and July 27, 1866.

HARRY MARVIN, Duncan.—1. Jack Randall fought Leonard, Jack Perkins, Wm. Walton, G. Dodds, Ugly Boruk, Westcountry Dick, H. Holt, Aby Belasco, Burke (once with the gloves, and once without), Parish, McCarthy, Turner, Martin (twice), and Tom Hood. He won each battle. His death occurred at the Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery lane, London, Eng., March 12, 1848. 2. Jim Burn fought O'Neale, Jack Marks, Wm. Neale (twice), Phil Hampton, Pat Kelley, Ned Baldwin (twice), and received forfeit from the Devonshire Giant, Randall (not Jack). He died May 28, 1820. 3. Johnny Broome fought Young Dogberry, Chas. Spilsbery, Gallick, Charley Jones, McGinty, Joe Hostock, Jack Hannan, Bungaree, Jack Hunt, Tom Ellis, and Bill Howell. He won every fight except that with Hunt, which ended in a draw. 4. Tom Spring presented the golden belt at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, London, Eng., Jan. 27, 1842, and on May 31, 1865, he committed suicide by cutting his throat at West Brighton, Brood chin, Eng.

W. F. R., Dallas.—1. In this section, he shoots after No. 2. The old rule, which may still be in force in your section, was for him to follow the last bird killed. 2. He is not to be permitted before the next player plays; if it cannot be accurately spotted, that is proof that it belongs to the last preceding player, and it is to be counted for him. 3. Unless an interest in the concern exists. I take the liberty of submitting them to THE CLIPPER, confident that they will be answered promptly and accurately, *secundum usus*. 1. Are there now any houses standing in this city which were built of the little, yellow, Dutch brick so common in ante-Revolutionary times? 2. Where is the oldest house in this city located? 3. Is a child born in this country just prior to his father declaring his intentions eligible to the Presidency of the United States? 4. Did the nineteenth century begin just after Dec. 31, 1799, or in 1801? Both opinions are held. 5. Was the news of President Lincoln's assassination sent to England by mail or cable?"..... 1. Yes; several, on Broadway, Broad and other down-town streets. 2. There is no absolutely reliable record; but it is fair to assume that the old Francis Tavern, standing at northeast corner of Broad and Pearl, is as old as any other. It was built about 1729, although there was a mans house in Cherry street said to have been built in 1701 or 1702, and which may be still standing. 3. Yes. A declaration of intention on the part of the parent, or even his taking out his papers, does not affect the case. There is a too prevalent belief that a foreigner's son born here must take out his naturalization papers in order to vote, if his father has never been naturalized. But this belief is based on a myth, and is fortified by declarations in print, is a mere fiction of the enemy, designed to keep the ignorant or the timid away from the polls. When the son of a resident alien is born here, the United States claims him as a citizen by virtue of his nativity; and that son, in return, can claim to exercise all the rights of native-born citizenship, one of which is to be President, provided the United States if he is thirty-five years of age, and has for fourteen mature years resided within the United States. On the other hand, he does not forfeit his citizenship if he goes to England to reside, or if his father, being either a naturalized or a native-born citizen, he is born beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, whether his father dies or lives. George G. Meade, who was born in Cadiz, Spain) is representing this Government abroad, or residing abroad unofficially. 4. There can be but one opinion that is worth enquiring. It began Jan. 1, 1801. 5. By mail, the cable not having worked between Sept. 1, 1858

$20,000. Lexington was then in Northern rules 5 years old, and carried 103½ lb., or just 10½ lb. less than his proper weight for age, so that the merit of Fellowcraft's performance is indisputably greater. As an interesting subject of turf history we give the best four-mile-time races on record.

Aug. 20, 1874, at Saratoga, N. Y., Fellowcraft, 4 years old, carrying 103lb. 7:19¾.

April 2, 1855, at New Orleans, Lexington against time, carrying 103lb. 7:19¾.

April 14, 1853, at New Orleans, Lexington beat Lecompte, carrying 109lb. 7:23¾.

April 8, 1854, at New Orleans, Lecompte beat Lexington and Reube, 7:26 and 7:38½.

June 25, 1863, at Bealrverille, L. I., Idlewild, carrying 117lb. 7:26¾.

October 18, 1873 at San Francisco, Thad Stevens, carrying 115lb, second heat, 7:30.

In 1866, at Saratoga, N. Y., Kentucky beat Julius and Leatherlungs, 7:33½.

In 1867, at Jerome Park, Kentucky against time, carrying 120lb. 7:31¾.

In 1842, at the Union Track, L. I., Fashion beat Boston, 7:32¾.

In 1871, at Jerome Park, Abdel Korea beat Helmbold, 7:28.

In 1872, at Jerome Park, Monarchist beat Harry Bassett, 7:33½.

DEATH OF JOHN HARPER.

The announcement of the death of old John Harper, the well-known Kentucky turfman, at his residence near Medway, some three miles from Lexington, Ky., on Wednesday, Aug. 19, came suddenly upon the racing men assembled at Saratoga last week. Memory immediately went back to the scene on the racecourse there two years before, when Harry Bassett had just defeated Longfellow in long stall, was seen watching with pride and affection the saddling of his idolized horse Longfellow for his race with Harry Bassett for the Saratoga Cup; and after the fatal race, the nearly broken-hearted old man tottered away with feeble steps from the track, after the defeated horse, to his stable. This was the last time that old John Harper's wrinkled face and bent form were seen on an Eastern race course; for, after Longfellow's defeat, he seemed to have lost in a great degree his interest in the turf. He was born, as he himself told us, at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, about the year 1800, but his parents moved into Kentucky when he was quite a boy. His father bought a farm in the blue-grass region, and the old homestead was the place of John Harper's death. Always passionately fond of horses, and Kentucky being then as now the nursery for blooded stock, young John, when about 19 years old, left his home and engaged himself for twelve months as a stable-lad and "rubber" in the training stables of Mr. Burridge, an experienced professional; his object being to obtain a thorough practical insight into the mysteries of training. At the end of a year he returned home, and commenced breeding and training thoroughbred stock for himself. For over 30 years he was identified with the racing turf of Kentucky, and his early practical knowledge stood him in good service. His judgment in breeding was sound, and wealth flowed steadily upon him and his brothers, with whom he was associated in farming and breeding pursuits and interests. It is unnecessary to enumerate the long list of famous horses that he raised and owned; the names of Nantirah, Endorser, Extra, Extra Edition, Express, Enquirer and Knowsley suffice. But his ownership of the mighty Longfellow, a son of imported Leamington and his own mare Nantirah, was the circumstance which made old John Harper's name as well known throughout the land. When Leamington was imported into this country by Mr. R. W. Cameron of this city, in the year 1865, his first season was spent in Kentucky, and Mr. Harper saw the importance and value of crossing the blood of the native thoroughbred broodmares with the new trans-Atlantic blood. He bred his famous Nantirah mare (a daughter of Brawner's Eclipse out of Quiz by Bertrand) to him in 1866, and Longfellow was the produce. When a yearling, the colt met with an accident by running against a tree, and was not trained until three years old, although his magnificent size and action caused him to be regarded with such great promise that Mr. Harper refused all offers to price him. He first ran at Lexington, in June, a three-year-old in the Phenix Hotel Stakes, mile heats, and was distanced in the second heat by Enquirer, another son of Leamington; but it was not known he was trained to run on the Path. He came out and won five races, all of two-mile heats, and won them all. The next season, being then four years old, Mr. Harper was induced to bring him East, and his first race was for the Monmouth Cup, two miles and a half, which he won with consummate ease in 4:41¾, beating Helmbold, Regards and Preakness. Proceeding onward to Saratoga, he encountered and defeated Kingfisher in the Saratoga Cup, two miles and a quarter, in 4:02¾, running the first mile of the race, according to reliable but unofficial timers, in the surprisingly fast time of 1:40. At the second day's meeting at Saratoga, after running over for a purse of $800, two miles and three-quarters, he came against Helmbold in the four-mile purse of $1,200, and there was united Inglis one of the best of his day, with confidence of having a walk-over for this race, had indulged him too much, and the horse was too fat and fleshy to run up several miles. Mr. Harper was much disappointed with his idolized horse back with him to Kentucky, but he threateningly promised to return the next season and make things hot for the Eastern racers. He kept his word, for the following June, after winning twice in Kentucky with him, he brought Longfellow to Long Branch to encounter the great Harry Bassett, who had won all his engagements in three years of racing, including the richest stakes of the year, and was regarded as the invincible champion of the Eastern turf, as was Longfellow looked upon of the Western. The railroad car that brought Longfellow from Kentucky bore the words outside: "Longfellow journeying to Long Branch to meet his rival Harry Bassett." It was the East against the West, and when the champions met in the Monmouth Cup, over the Long Branch course, for Longfellow beat him with ease in 4:34. That Harry Bassett had been "got at" and drugged unknown to his owner and trainer, Mr. Barnes, it is alleged, was then discovered; the true history of the affair having yet to be written. Defeated and disgraced, Harry Bassett and Col. M. Daniels left Monmouth Branch for Saratoga, to prepare for their second encounter. How, in that race for the cup, Harry Bassett retrieved his fame and laurels by beating Longfellow in the fastest race for the cup on record, is now a matter of history. Longfellow broke down after passing the winning post, and his racing career was ended. He was put to the stud, and his get in training soon showed his immense and magnificent proportions to his progeny. Since his horse's defeat by Harry Bassett, Mr. Harper has taken little interest in racing, although he has a promising two-year-old, named Exton, out of Longfellow's dam by Lexington, in training at Spring meeting. He gradually failed, and died in the old homestead, on Wednesday, Aug. 19.

THE SPRINGFIELD MEETING.

The Hampden Park Association held their annual Fall meeting on their track at Springfield, Mass., last week, commencing Aug. 18 and continuing four days. It was completely successful, both as regards attendance and the character of the sport provided, while the weather was throughout favorable. The inaugural event was a trot for a purse of $1,000 to first, $500 to second, $200 to third, and $400 to fourth; open to horses that had never beaten 2:34. Eleven horses started, and five heats were necessary to decide it, the first being taken by Twichell's b. g. Wellesley Boy, who likewise carried off the third, the go to Ohmans going to Russell's Smuggler, who was second in each of the other heats. Wellesley Boy took second money, Moses' br. g. H. C. Hill third, and Demarest's Unknown fourth. Time, 2:26¾, 2:27, 2:31½, 2:31, 2:31. In the next race seven 2:24 horses contended for purses of $5,500, $2,000, $1,250 and $750, Goodrich's Bodine winning in three straight heats, Carpenter's Susie second, and Roden's Castle Boy third, Ferguson's Crown Prince being distanced in the second heat, and the others in the first. Time, 2:21¼, 2:23½, 2:26. The day's sport was wound up with a running race for $400, mile heats, two in three, Hitchcock's Quits capturing the first heat, but having to play second fiddle to Ayers' Ginger in the two following. Two others started. Time, 1:50, 1:51, 1:52.

The number present on the second day was estimated at fifteen thousand, the increase in the receipts being attributable to the fact that Goldsmith Maid, fresh from her triumphs in Northern New York, was to exhibit her speed during the afternoon. The entries for the 2:29 race were first called up, etc., responding to the usual signal. So evenly were the horses matched that victory shifted from one to the other through seven heats, when a postponement became necessary on account of darkness. Upon getting to work again next day M. Gooden's b. g. Stewart Maloney, who had previously won the second and seventh heats, went under the wire eighth in the first heat, thus taking the first money, $2,500; the second, $1,250, went to J. C. Eckerson's b. g. Everett Ray, who won the third and fourth heats; the third, $750, to J. M. French's bk. m. Cozette, the winner of the first and sixth heats; and the fourth, $500, to Geo. Bliven's s. g. Spotted Colt, who ran dead with Musician in the second heat. Time, 2:23½, 2:28¼, 2:25, 2:27, 2:28, 2:28, 2:31, 2:27. The open-to-all race, for a purse of $5,000, was next, and this Goldsmith Maid won handily in three straight heats, Judge Fullerton second, American Girl third, and Lucy Rattler fourth. She trotted in the very fast time of 2:16, which has been beaten only by the Maid herself. The first heat was done in 2:19, and the third in 2:18. The purse was divided into premiums of $3,000, $1,500 and $500. A hurdle race, for a purse of $500, two miles, eight hurdles, J. E. Bride's Jubilee won; L. A. Hitchcock's Limestone second; John Green's Ned Hanlon distanced. Time, 4:18¾.

On the third day, Aug. 20, the horses entered for the 2:38 purse were first called upon, fifteen starters appearing. The prizes consisted of $2,800 to first, $1,200 to second, $700 to third, $400 to fourth, $200 to fifth, and $100 to sixth. The first and third heats were won by Nashville Girl, who trotted dead with James Howell, jr., in the second; the fourth and fifth were taken by Bella, and then it became necessary to postpone the finish until the following morning, when the sixth heat was carried off by Nashville Girl, who was second in the seventh, thus winning first money, Bella gained second place, H. C. Hill third, and Mac fourth. Time, 2:26¾, 2:24, 2:28, 2:30, 2:31, 2:28¾, 2:30¼. The second event on the third day was the trot between 2:26 horses, $3,500 to first, $2,000 to second, $1,250 to third, and $750 to fourth. Nine horses started. The first heat fell to the portion of Fred Hooper; the two following were scooped in by T. L. Young, and the fourth was credited to Mambrino Gift. At this juncture it became too dark to continue, and the finish was deferred until the 21st inst., when Fred Hooper won the fifth and sixth heats, thereby securing the chief prize. T. L. Young was awarded second money, and Mambrino Gift third. A running race, two-mile dash, terminated this day's sport, the victor being Ginger; Letitia H. second, Crow's Meat third. Time, 3:59.

The first regular race on the final day's programme was participated in by horses that had never shown greater speed than 2:31, for which a purse of $5,000 was offered—$2,500 to first, $1,250 to second, $750 to third, $500 to fourth. There were seven starters, of whom Fleety Golddust came in ahead in the first heat, when Kansas Chief went in to win, which he did in three consecutive heats. Golddust was awarded second money, Stewart Maloney third, and Dinah fourth. Time, 2:25, 2:29, 2:25, 2:27. And now came the closing contest of the meeting, which was between horses who had no record lower than 2:20—$3,000 to first, $1,500 to second, $900 to third and $600 to fourth. Five horses came to the post, comprising such go-dims as Gloster, Camors, Nettie, Red Cloud and Sensation. St. James and Gloster were withdrawn after the race was one of the closest and most interesting that occurred during the meeting, it being necessary to trot five heats to arrive at a decision. The first was won by Camors, the next by Nettie, and the three following by Gloster. Camors was given second money, Nettie third and Red Cloud fourth. Time—2:20¾, 2:21¾, 2:21¼, 2:23, 2:27¾.

TWO TROTS came off at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., on the 19th inst. The first was for $50. $30 and $20, for horses that had never beaten 3:00, and had seven starters. A. Lyons' g. m. Lizzie won, M. McNamara's b. m. Gertrude securing the second heat. Lady Rattler, Little Frank and General were distanced in the first heat, Joe Morris being similarly disposed of in the third. Time, 2:51¼, 2:48¼, 2:44, 2:44¾. The other was a match for $200, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, between Thos. Walker's bk. g. Black Harry and John Hart's b. g. Bay Frank, former won, distancing his opponent in the first heat. Time, 2:55.

A STALLION RACE for a purse of $1,000 took place at the Lewiston (Me.) Driving Park, Aug. 19, five horses entering. It was won by Messenger Knox, in three straight heats, his best time being 2:34.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A RUNNING RACE, distance one hundred yards, for one hundred dollars a side, took place at Wright's Corners, N. Y., Aug 15, between John Martin of Lockport and John Palmer of Kingston. It resulted in a dead heat, and in running over, Martin beat his opponent by one yard. James Doyle and Frank Blanchard acted as judges, and John McCarthy as referee.

JAMES CONNOLLY of Boston and John Graham of Lawrence, Mass., ran one hundred yards, for $500, at Boston Park, Aug. 17. We do not know whether the start was flying or from the scratch, but Graham won by two feet, in the reported time of ten seconds.

KENNOVAN'S TRENTY-MOUR FEAT.—James Kennovan, the celebrated California pedestrian, aged 60, last week performed his great feat of walking and dancing for thirty consecutive hours, with only five minutes' cessation, at Jone's Woods Colosseum, this city. He started at 4 P. M. Aug. 21, and concluded at 10:10 P. M. next day. Full particulars are crowded out of this issue, but will appear in our next.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Ed. Mullen and W. H. Adsetts.

BASEBALL.

THE AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

On another page will be found a detailed report of game of cricket played at the Prince's Grounds, London, and we append our correspondent's letters, and other interesting reports from the English press.

By our last letter from England, it will be seen that special reference is made to the fact of the alternate winning and losing of the two clubs. It has been entirely unintentional, as we anticipated. Latterly, the Boston nine have taken a decided lead. The reception of the Americans by the Richmond Club was a very warm one, indeed. On the arrival of the players at Richmond they were taken a delightful drive by the cricket club, and they saw all the points of interest in the famous old town, not forgetting the Terrace. The cricket match was played on the old Deer Park field, adjoining Kew Gardens. Of course the weather was showery—it wouldn't be London if it were not; but the ladies turned out in considerable numbers, many of them from among the nobility. In the afternoon, after the match, the Americans were entertained at the Greyhound Hotel, Admiral Robert Fanshawe Stopford occupying the chair. Numerous toasts were drunk, that of "The Queen" and the "President of the United States" coming first, of course. After these the toast of the evening was proposed by the chairman: "Our American Guests." In proposing this toast the chairman said that he had had the satisfaction of witnessing that day the wonderful proficiency of the visitors in their national game. He had also witnessed their prowess in a game which Englishmen considered national, but he would not then discuss the respective merits of the two games. Col. Porter, president of the Boston Club, responded by saying that the enthusiastic reception the Americans had been received surpassed their expectations, and they should carry away from Richmond and England most enjoyable recollections of the day. He could assure them that they, as Americans, were happy to meet them as Englishmen, speaking, as they did, the same language, owning portions of the same history in the past, having, in a great measure, the same feelings, and rejoicing in cordial sentiments as between nation and nation. [Cheers.] If in their attempts at cricket and baseball they had afforded their entertainment any pleasure, they were more than compensated. They might not think baseball equal to cricket, but while Americans preferred the one, he gloried in the inclination of Englishmen towards the other. [Applause.] Mr. Ferguson, president of the Athletic Club, proposed the health of the chairman, and presented that gentleman with the ball won by that club in their contest with the Bostonians that day. The chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said he should preserve the ball as an interesting memento of the visit of the American baseball players to Richmond. A pleasant evening having been spent by all, the visitors left by a late train for Queenstown.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL, London, Aug. 9.

DEAR CLIPPER:—Indeed I send you a report from yesterday's *Sportsman*, giving a very good account of our cricket and baseball matches at the Prince's Grounds. There were about 2,500 spectators present, and the number would not far from 1,800 on the second day. Our admirers are invariably composed of the fashionable people, and I assure you it is a nice sight to see so many private carriages distributed around the grounds. We always seem to have a goodly number of ladies—more than we are accustomed to see on our own grounds at home. The audience always show their appreciation of a fine piece of fielding, or a good catch, by the clapping of hands, quite a contrast to the yelling indulged in by American assemblages. We certainly had at Prince's what might be termed a fashionable assemblage. This is without doubt the finest and largest ground we have played upon in England, it occupying ten acres of ground, all covered with a nice, smooth turf as level as a billiard table. It is rather better for baseball than Lord's, the ground not being so lively. Yesterday (Saturday), we played cricket and baseball at Richmond, on the old Deer Park. The day was rather showery, which I might say of almost every day since we have been here, and, in fact, most of our boys have discarded their canes, which we bought in Liverpool, and taken to umbrella's instead. We left London from Waterloo Station on the 9:35 A. M. train, arriving at Richmond about 10, where we were met by a committee of the Richmond Club, and shown about the old city in carriages, which you must understand was a very pleasant treat. A heavy shower commenced just as we were about to start our cricket, so we did not get to work until about 1 o'clock. The Richmond Club (which, by the way, is considered first-class, they having scored some 350 runs in a recent match, one man making 157) won the toss and went to the wicket. The first two batters ran up the score to 37 before they were parried, and we began to think we had an all-day's job of it before us. The remaining batters (they play 11), however, made one or two catches, were popped out and if there had not been so many showers to interrupt the play, we could easily have completed one inning before commencing our baseball match. We had about three-quarters of an hour's batting, during which time we made 45 runs for 6 wickets, with our best batters yet to go in, and I have no doubt if we could have had a full hour longer we could easily have passed their score of 106. At all events, they seemed perfectly satisfied to have the stumps drawn and our baseball match commenced. Upon batting we commenced completely regardless of bowlers, for we strike so free and with such an "orrid" crooked bat, you know; and balls right on the wicket, that a cricketer would have made a terrible fuss about, is quite a trifle liable to hit it for 4 or 5; but if we miss it, down goes our stumps, and another confident man with pads and gloves already on walks up to the wicket to do or die. They do give us credit for having considerable quick eyes. It is very amusing to hear the remarks of the spectators as they watch our peculiar style of hitting, such as "He bloody eyes, did you see that fellow hit that underhand ball on the wicket for four?" When we commenced our baseball match there was about 2,000 people on the grounds, including a very large number of ladies. Again we were happy to meet them as Englishmen, speaking, as they did, the same language, owning portions of the same history in the past, having, in a great measure, the same feelings, and rejoicing in cordial sentiments as between nation and nation. [Cheers.] If in their attempts at cricket and baseball they had afforded their entertainment any pleasure, they were more than compensated. They might not think baseball equal to cricket, but while Americans preferred the one, he gloried in the inclination of Englishmen towards the other. [Applause.] Mr. Ferguson, president of the Athletic Club, proposed the health of the chairman, and presented that gentleman with the ball won by that club in their contest with the Bostonians that day. The chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said he should preserve the ball as an interesting memento of the visit of the American baseball players to Richmond. A pleasant evening having been spent by all, the visitors left by a late train for Queenstown.

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THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Ed. Mullen and W. H. Adsetts.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	TB.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullen, p.	2	2	2	1	7	2
McGeary, ss.	2	1	1	0	3	1
Anson, 1st b.	2	3	5	8	0	2
Mincalfe, c. f.	1	1	1	2	0	0
Clapp, c.	1	2	2	5	1	3
Sensenich, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0	0
Hall, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schafer, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	11	14	19	27	12	11

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	TB.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, ss.	3	2	3	1	6	1
Barnes, 2d b.	2	2	2	1	0	0
Spalding, p.	2	1	1	0	7	0
Leonard, l. f.	2	1	1	2	0	0
Clapp, c.	1	4	4	7	2	0
Battin, c. f.	0	2	2	2	0	0
Hall, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schafer, 3d b.	1	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	11	12	13	15	17	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

RUNS EARNED—Athletic, 5; Boston, 5. Bases on errors—Athletic, 5; Boston, 4. Home runs—Kent, 1; Schafer, 1. Double play, Schafer and O'Rourke. Umpire, D. F. Hosmer of the Athletic Club. Time, 1h. 50m.

The (London) *Daily News* of Aug. 11 gives the appended report of the ball match at the Crystal Palace: "The American baseball teams who have been playing in various parts of the country since their arrival gave an exhibition of their skill and address in their national game at the Crystal Palace yesterday. The contest, which was between the Boston and Philadelphia (Athletic) teams, took place in the cricket ground, and was witnessed by a very numerous assemblage of spectators, and by many of the members of the Crystal Palace Cricket Club, who appeared to take a great interest in the game. The game of baseball has already been sufficiently described in these columns, but our readers a good idea of its plan. In fact, it is the old game of "rounders" considerably elaborated. The bases are at the angles of a square instead of being in a circle, and the batsman, when fielded is returned to a man who stands at each base, the runner being put out if the ball is held by the baseman before he arrives there. Another difference is that the ball is pitched behind the striker, and who acts pretty much as a wicket-keeper in cricket, except that he appears to be considerably more active, and the striker's club than of the ball, which is not a very formidable-looking article. The game is played with nine on each side, of whom four of the side that is batting are playing at once, while of course the whole nine of the other side are engaged in fielding. The different positions occupied by each man in the field will be found in the score which is subjoined. The match resulted in a victory for the Bostonians, who both made and saved runs in excellent fashion. Their striking was exceedingly good, and the fielding was worthy of all praise. It is seldom, even in the best cricket-fields of England, that better catches or quicker returns are made, while the backing-up of the Americans is simply admirable. There were remarkably few cases of overthrows, or chances missed on either side. The game was continued until six o'clock, when a thunder-storm and a driving shower of rain drove players and spectators into shelter. The band of the 8d. Grenadier Guards, which was in attendance, played a selection of music during the progress of the game." Annexed is the full score, six innings having been played.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
Barnes, 2d b.	2	1	2	3	0
Spalding, p.	2	1	1	7	1
McVey, 1st b.	1	1	2	0	0
Leonard, l. f.	2	1	2	0	0
Clapp, c.	1	2	8	2	0
Battin, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Hall, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Schafer, 3d b.	1	0	2	2	0
Totals	8	7	27	11	

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullen, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Sutton, 3d b.	1	2	3	1	0
Anson, 1st b.	0	2	3	7	0
Mincalfe, c. f.	0	1	3	0	1
Clapp, c.	0	1	7	0	0
Battin, r. f.	0	0	2	4	0
Gedney, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Murnan, 2d b.	0	2	4	3	1
McGeary, s. s.	4	4	1	1	1
Totals	7	13	24	21	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston	0	0	5	0	2	0	0	0	1	—8
Athletic	0	4	5	0	2	3	0	0	0	—7

RUNS EARNED—Boston, 2; Athletic, 8. First base by errors—Boston, 5 times; Athletic, 5 times. Total bases—Boston, 12; Athletic 46. Umpire, Mr. J. O'Rourke of the Boston Club. Time of game, 2h. 5m.

NATIONAL vs. CREIGHTON.

On Tuesday, 18th inst., an exhibition game was played at Washington, D. C., between the Nationals and Creightons, the proceeds of which were given to Mr. Jennings, catcher of the latter club, who was severely injured in the previous match game between these two organizations. The novelty of a ten-men, ten-innings game, together with the charitable purpose for which it was played, succeeded in drawing a fine audience. The Creightons were assisted behind the bat by Snyder of the Baltimores, while Barron of the same club played right field for the Nationals. The Creightons had things all their own way in the beginning, but the Nationals, by hard batting and sharp fielding during the latter part of the game, closed the gap and won the game by 2 runs. The base-hits of Barnes and Jennings, of Lusk at short, and Holley in the left field, were very fine, while Kipp led at the bat. For the Creightons Burch and Snyder did the heaviest work. The game found many admirers among those present. The following is the score:

NATIONAL.	R.	1B.
Lawrence, c.	1	2
Kipp, 3d b.	2	4
Holly, l. f.	2	2
Stevens, 2d b.	1	2
Sensenderfer, c. f.	1	0
Lusk, s. s.	1	1
Hannay, 1st b.	1	0
Pratt, c.	0	0
Witherow, p.	0	1
Totals	9	12

CREIGHTON.	R.	1B.
Gerhardt, 3d b.	2	1
Burch, c. f.	3	2
Snyder, c.	1	2
Greason, p.	0	0
Barnes, 2d b.	2	2
Wall, s. s.	1	0
Linney, 1st b.	1	1
Joy, 2d b.	0	0
Blue, r. s.	1	1
Nichols, r. f.	1	1
Totals	12	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
National	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	0	3	6	—14
Creighton	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—12

Umpire, Mr. Robinson of the Jefferson Club. Scorers, Messrs. Childs and Kuester. Time, 2h. 5m.

NASSAU vs. NAMELESS.

These Brooklyn clubs played their return match at Prospect Park on June 22, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, and the contest proved to be close and exciting, resulting in the success of the Nameless nine, as will be seen by the appended score:

NASSAU.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
West, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Bowers, c.	2	2	7	0	0
Redmaine, c.	1	2	4	1	0
Doescher, 3d b.	1	1	2	2	2
Gill, s. s.	0	0	1	5	4
Brown, 1st b.	1	1	13	1	1
Daily, 2d b.	1	3	2	1	0
Bunce, c. f.	1	1	4	0	0
Cassidy, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	9	11	27	12	18

NAMELESS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Grierson, c.	2	1	4	0	1
Packard, p.	2	2	0	0	2
Driscoll, 3d b.	2	1	2	4	1
Pringle, c. f.	2	1	3	0	0
Brasher, s. s.	1	1	2	3	3
Whitney, r. f.	1	2	1	2	1
Cox, 2d b.	2	2	1	5	2
Coleman, 1st b.	1	0	11	0	0
Valentine, 1f.	0	0	2	0	2
Totals	13	9	27	14	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Nassau	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	—5
Nameless	0	0	1	2	0	5	2	3	0	—13

RUNS EARNED—Nassau, 2; Nameless, 8. First base by errors—Nassau, 7; Nameless, 6. Total wides pitched—By Brown, 23; by Packard, 18. Umpire, Mr. Pike of the Concord Club. Time, 1h. 45m.

NASSAU vs. AMITY.

These Brooklyn amateur teams gave an admirable display of the beauties of baseball at Prospect Park, on the 15th inst. Several thousand persons congregated to witness the contest, which was for the championship of Brooklyn. The Nassaus were out in full force, but their antagonists were short-handed of Breen, whose position, centre-field, was filled by Cullen. Notwithstanding this slight disadvantage, however, they managed to pull through ahead, as the appended score attests:

AMITY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, 2d b.	1	1	4	2	0
Degnan, s. s.	1	2	2	4	2
Mackey, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy, 1 f.	0	0	1	0	0
Cullen, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Dunne, 1st b.	2	1	7	1	1
Clare, p.	0	1	1	1	1
Donnelly, c.	0	1	0	1	2
Pigott, 3d b.	0	1	3	4	2
Totals	7	7	27	16	6

NASSAU.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wood, p.	2	2	1	0	0
Rogers, p.	1	0	1	0	1
Doscher, 3d b.	0	1	3	3	1
Reddy, 1 f.	0	1	1	0	0
Gill, s. s.	1	1	3	4	0
Daly, 2d b.	0	2	4	3	1
Redmaine, c.	1	0	4	1	0
Bunce, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
W. Record, 2d b.	0	2	2	2	0
S. Record, 3d b.	1	1	1	1	0
Totals	6	5	27	14	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Amity	0	2	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	—7
Nassau	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	—6

RUNS EARNED—Amity, 3; Nassau, 1. First base by errors—Nassau, 3; Amity, 3. Umpire, Mr. Donald of Montague. Time, 1h. 55m.

WEST PHILADELPHIA vs. EASTON.

These clubs encountered each other at the Fair Grounds, Easton, Pa., Aug. 20, when the players from Quakerdom won by the score subjoined:—

EASTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Parks, 1 f.	4	1	1	0	0
Haug, 3d b.	1	2	0	2	1
Whitt, c.	1	2	3	1	0
Bradley, r. f.	0	0	2	1	0
Abadie, 1st b.	1	0	12	0	2
Doty, 2d b.	1	1	2	2	0
Witherop, p.	0	1	1	2	0
Hough, r. s.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	14	15	24	8	3

WEST PHILA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
W. Mooney, 1 f.	2	2	2	0	1
Meyers, r. f.	2	1	1	0	1
J. Mooney, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Dowse, 2d b.	0	2	7	0	3
Harbridge, c.	2	2	5	1	2
W. Harbridge, c.	2	2	5	1	2
Quinlan, 1st b.	1	0	9	1	0

ADRIFT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY REL.

There's many a ship, afloat on "Life's Ocean,"
That's seaworthy, clipper-built, copper-fast, stout;
But, without a compass, the captain discovers
He's manning a craft he knows nothing about.

A lawyer assumes—his case on the docket—
A will to reverse by a flaw or a doubt;
But, reading, learns he's adrift in deep water,
And's manning a craft he knows nothing about.

A country physician—with comical dig—
Prescribes "Pulk," "Nux," "Bella," till his patient's "laid out."
The widow asserts "He was killed by a chap
Who's manning a craft he knows nothing about!"

A "newspaper man"—both crafty and cunning—
Promises, by position, to raise a huge shout.
The people aver, when summing the case up,
"He's manning a craft he knows nothing about."

He'pless of his honor, dignity, virtue,
And kin moral station—the lachrymose lout—
While selling his soul to the "King of Hades,"
Thus manning a craft he knows something about.

May the grace of a "mother-in-God" be with them
Who put the fiend "Malice" to a shameful rout,
While aiding a brother—true, kind and loyal—
In manning a craft he knows something about!

There's a watchful Eye on all of earth's creatures,
That looks with true love on each tree, branch and sprout,
Regardless of "hate," "lost faith," or "ambition,"
Who's manning a craft He knows all things about.

New York, Aug. 19, 1874.

JACK'S SISTER;
OR,
WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER LXXI.
RISEN FROM THE DEAD!

It was a sultry afternoon in the first week in July. The fountains in Trafalgar square swarmed with thirsty little street Arabs, in every variety of dirt and nakedness. The Albert Memorial flashed, and danced, and glittered in the yellow sunshine, as though it were—Where, indeed, it ought to be—under an Italian sky. Kensington Gardens, bright with flowers and shady with trees, still offered one green resting-place to hot and weary wayfarers; but only nursemaids and children availed themselves of its shelter, for inexorable fashion held up a warning finger, and turned back the grown-up votaries to their decreed lounge in the sun-scorched, dust-whitened park, or rather to that particular strip which—it being now the sacred hour for The Drive—was filled and choked to overflowing with people, in carriages and out of carriages, on horseback and foot. Young and old, grave and gay, male and female, crossing and recrossing in a ceaseless stream from Apsley House to Exhibition Gate; brought there by idleness, fashion, or caprice, and dawdling there the allotted time, before they dawdled away to cosy five-o'clock teas, crowded receptions, or dinner-parties in flower-scented boudoirs and gilded drawing-rooms.

About midway up the Row, two men leaned over the rails and watched the carriages go by; spoke to the occupants of one or two, and bowed to others. Gentlemanly, well-dressed men, both; young, too, and wearing the unmistakable air of fashion and good-ton—the Hon. Arthur Cloughton, president of the Oxford and London Amateur Literati Society, one; Merle Kinnardson the other.

They were great friends, these two; and if the one had a thousand a year and the other only a hundred, I don't think you would have guessed as much from the appearance and manner of the latter, as he stood there, lavender-gloved and laughing, and chatted with the man who had been his chief patron and chum at Oxford; and who, having led him into most of his debts there, was bound to help him out now.

"There goes my mother," said Cloughton, dropping his glass suddenly, and turning away. "I know her piebalds a mile off. Let's make a move, Kinnardson; I don't want to be hauled in for her tea-fight this afternoon. Had enough of it last Thursday, by Jove! There were about three dozen of 'em, I should say, and my lady gave me all the fattest ones, too—the regular old dowagers—so that I got so faint with taking them downstairs to have an ice, and taking them up again to look after their daughters, that, 'pon my honor, my man had to drench me with eau de Cologne externally, and eau de vie internally, before I could 'rise' enough to dress for dinner."

Merle laughed.

"Poor fellow! you must have been awfully ill-used. I thought you were looking rather seedy at White's in the evening. Hollo! there goes Sir Francis Grant, riding with Leighton. What a fine old fellow he is, isn't he? Quite the pure patrician type."

"Where? which is he?" asked Cloughton, screwing his glass into his eye again, and staring, with the peculiar obstinacy of all short-sighted men, in precisely the wrong direction. "Don't know him by sight, and want to. Isn't he the man who has about two hundred frantic female worshipers, in the persons of the female art-students at that dreary old Gelgotha, the South Kensington?"

"The same. He is their presiding high-priest; and very pretty some of the neophytes are. I've been there on copying-days, and surprised sundry charming little faces, peering down from huge brown baize erections, or semi-hidden behind rickety easels. Don't they know how to use their eyes, too! Not repellant-ly, by any means."

"Mem. To go some copying-day, and help steady the easels," observed Cloughton solemnly. "Why, shades of Baliol! here's another friend of ours. How do, Middlemist? Don't quite annihilate your friends, please."

For little Middlemist, trim and well-brushed as ever, the very image of an aristocratic tailor's advertisement, was running full tilt into them, when startled out of a brown-study by his fellow Oxonian's exclamation.

"Oh-ah-no-ah!" and he shook hands cordially. "What an age thinth I've theen you. How do you do? Broiling weather, ithn't it?"

"Blistering! I say," indicating Merle with a jerk of his elbow, "here's another acquaintance of yours. Don't you see him?"

Apparently Middlemist did not—apparently he found some difficulty of recognition even now; for his neat little face became of a lively pink hue, and though he held out his hand, it was hesitatingly and with perceptible stiffness.

"I beg your pardon, Kinnardthon. Not expecting to thee you, I didn't recognithe you at firtht. How'th your couthin, Jack Leyburn?"

"Rejoicing in rampant health when I saw him last," Merle answered gayly. "That isn't very lately, however, as I've been in town since the beginning of May. I suppose you're up for the season, like the rest of the world?"

"No. I have entered at the bar. You're not ordained yet? I gueth by your tie."

"O, Lord, no; and don't believe he's ever going to be," put in Cloughton lightly. "We are going to do something better for him than that, when he comes here. He's not the stuff country parsons are cut out of—eh, Kinnardson?"

"Kingthley and Wilberforth to wit," observed Middlemist, his small, keen eyes fixed on Merle, who had reddened slightly under his mockery friend's encomium. "No, I don't imagine that he'll."

"Preserve me from my friends," said Merle, with a good-humor which was remarkable in a man not ordinarily renowned for that quality. "What will either of you bet that I am not in bands before Christmas? Put it high, Cloughton—you can afford to lose."

"Dignified by a dog-collar, eh?" laughed his friend. "Well, whatever you're going to do, don't let us stand grilling here all day. I think I see pretty Mrs. French's ponies down there. You know her, Kinnardson, don't you?"

"Yes, her father and mine were ohums at Winchester. Come with us, Middlemist, and we'll introduce you. She's one of the jolliest little women going; and keeps A 1 in cooks."

"Thankth, no," said Middlemist shortly—"no time."

"Dine with me, then, to-day, at the Oxford and Cambridge? They can give one a good steak there, and a fairish bottle of Madeira, if you can put up with that sort of thing."

"Thankth, can't; another engagement."

"What day will you come, then?"

"Pothible to thay. Never dine out at clubth. Beathly hole, that Oxford and Cambridge."

With which courteous remark, and a brief farewell—cordial to Cloughton, barely civil to Merle—Mr. Middlemist took himself off, and was speedily swamped in the seething "cream" around him.

"Ill-tempered little beast that," remarked Cloughton coolly. "Cut out for county sessions. I wonder you were so civil to him. Was he always so?"

Merle laughed. He seldom joined in abusing anyone.

"Oh, he's not half bad. It's only his way. He and my cousin are immense chums; and——I say, Cloughton, that's not Mrs. French. Her face is turned away; but look at the hair. Mrs. French's is a blond as night."

Cloughton fumbled for his glass, and looked as directed.

"By Jove, you're right! I'll tell you who it is, though. It's that new actress they're making such a fuss about over at the Universe, Miss Lottie Dynevor."

"What, the beauty everyone is howling about? I haven't seen her yet."

"Beauty? I believe you. A beauty without paint, and fairer off the boards than on them. Mounteagle, the manager of that show, picked her up for her sweetness on the desert air of the Surrey or Marylebone—one of those antediluvian places; bought her off from the cads there, and introduced her in that play they're doing up new at the Universe—that, that—what you may call it, by-by."

"Thaumaturgy?" suggested Merle, laughing. "No wonder the critics complain of your articles as vague, Cloughton. I say—one moment—by Heavens! it can't be?"

"What can't be?" cried the other, dropping his glass in bewilderment, and staring blankly, as Merle sprang off, trying to force a way through the gayly bedizened and outraged crowd of "swells," his eyes and the whole mind fixed on one object, the solitary occupant of the now rapidly moving pony-carriage.

Unfortunately for him, the throng was particularly dense at this end of the Row; and before he could overtake the carriage sufficiently to get a second glimpse of the actress's face, she and her ponies had disappeared under the archway, and were out of sight. Baffled and disappointed, with a white perspiration on his brow, and the indignant looks of the people he had jostled around him, Merle stopped short in his headlong race, and allowed himself to be overtaken and captured by the much-aggrieved Cloughton.

"Did you think I was mad?" he asked, seeing a whole volume of exclamations in his friend's face. "I really beg your pardon; but I thought I saw an old friend—a fellow I haven't seen for years."

"Did you?" said his friend dryly. "A delightful *fellow* that friend must be, to inspire such attachment. Now, if you hadn't told me, I should have thought you had been smitten by la belle Dynevor's pretty face, and were flying to immolate yourself under her carriage wheels."

"Hardly," and Merle laughed—"the pretty face being so turned from us that I didn't get a glimpse of it at all. But I do mean to see it; and at leasure, if her acting is as good as her figure. At the Universe, you said?"

"Yes, and she really acts above par—puts some life and passion into her part; not the leg and comic-song sort one would expect from the Surrey. If you're not engaged to-night, I'd advise you to go. I'm dining out, unfortunately."

"Thanks. I will if I can. Are you going to stay here any longer? I've an engagement for five, so must look at once. Good-by."

"Ta, ta. Don't lose your heart to little Dynevor; for you'll have plenty of rivals and heavily weighted ones."

They had just reached Hyde Park Corner, and while young Cloughton turned off to the Row, where a dozen lady friends were already trying to attract his attention by eyes from the back seat of their comfortable broughams, Merle hurried off down Piccadilly, his head still dizzy from the late shock to his nerves, even though every fresh mile had more inclined to laugh at the folly of such an idea, and endeavor to put it out of his mind altogether. Like *[illegible]* not be dozens of persons like her! You saw accidental a resemblances by the score, every day of your life and this —— Why good heavens! he had not even seen the face, except for one half-second, when she turned the ponies' heads. The notion was too absurdly far-fetched to hold water for a moment—too absurd to be worth remembering; and yet he *would* go to the theatre that very evening, if only to laugh at it and his own romantic imaginings. Would to God, indeed, that they had one grain of foundation! Middlemist's pointedly uncivil bearing would not need to sting and humble him then; and, by the way, what could have led Middlemist, who had been himself the accused culprit, to suspect him from the first? He went straight home to his lodgings, and dressed for the evening. The engagement had only been a pretense, suggested by the desire for solitude; and when he was ready, and had looked at his watch, and seen that it still wanted twenty minutes to six, he got out his desk, unfastened a little secret drawer, and, having first turned the key in the room door, drew out, very slowly and carefully, a small packet, sealed up and indorsed with the mem.—"M. B. To be burnt, unopened, at my death." Having all papers belonging to him neatly arranged, classified and docketed was one of Merle's peculiarities. Not a bad one, either, for your own convenience *during* life; but, as far as my experience goes, rather tending to defeat its object after death.

His fingers shook now, as he broke the seals; and these was a gray, hushed look in his face, like that of one raising a coffin lid and knowing that his gaze will fall upon the clay-cold features of the lately dead within; nevertheless, he did break them, and, untying the little packet of letters inside, selected one envelope from the rest, and, taking a photograph out of it, held it up to the light.

Only for a moment. It was just a bad, blurred portrait of a girl, in an ill-fitting gown, which made her shoulders high and her waist thick; a girl with hair stuffed out over two huge and hideous rolls (how well he remembered scolding her for altering it from its usual crop of bright, sunny curls!)—one of the most disappointing efforts of a disappointing art, and so unlike the original that he had made her be taken again by the best photographer in Oxford, and had forgotten the existence of this unlucky carte, till, on making a careful collection of everything connected with her after her disappearance and death, he had found it between the leaves of an old pocket-book; and (with what intention, God knows!) had locked it away, with her letters, in a secret drawer of his desk.

Poor Minnie! Even this wretched copy of that bright, responsive little face brought back such a tide of remorseful pain now, that he laid it down at most immediately, and covered his eyes with his hands. What would he not have given to have blotted out that one memory—which, to freethinking dogs like Arthur Cloughton and others, would have been cast to the winds long since, and forgotten utterly behind a list of far more culpable affairs. He had been in more culpable affairs since than, and had forgotten them; while this one unfortunate flirtation—nothing more, remember—hung round his neck like a millstone, and rendered abortive all Enid's influence and efforts to make him a better and a happier man.

Of a surety, that individual who is cursed with a sensitive conscience, without having strength of mind or principle to satisfy it, needs no houndings from virtuous society, for he carries his own hell with him at every step, and will find a name and fame the lost at every sin. Merle spoke truth when he said that even Enid's love and sympathy were not enough for him. He needed her living presence to lift him above the sneers of his own conscience, the reproaches of a morbid memory, and the temptings of a morbid mind.

The clock struck six; and, after carefully tying up and sealing the packet again, Merle locked it in his desk, and, taking his hat, sallied forth to get some dinner at the club. Whether the steak was good that day, or the reverse, neither he nor I could tell you. I don't think he had the faintest idea of what he was eating, but devoured mechanically, keeping away thought by reading *The Saturday's* critiques between mouthfuls; and starting off for the Universe as soon as the theatre doors were likely to be open. He felt better now, and more inclined to laugh at his fancy he was following than before. Probably, having taken double his usual allowance of wine had something to do with the feeling. Anyhow, when he reached the theatre, and found the doors only just open, and himself one of an audience ranging from four to six hundred strong, he felt inclined to launch any dry anathemas at his own ridiculous imaginings, and go home again.

Something—fate, if you will, an evil fate for him—decided otherwise, and he took his seat in one of the stalls farthest from the stage. It was not his choice, but the front ones were all engaged, he found.

"A taking piece, you see, sir," the man in the box-office had said, "and a new actress. There's no one this season has took like Miss Dynevor. There wasn't a seat to be got, not for love or money, after the curtain drew up last night, sir."

Have you ever had the misfortune to go to the theatre too early? If so, I think you will agree with me that it is, without exception, the dreariest scene in which you ever wasted a dreary half-hour. The gas is only turned on enough to make a darkness visible; the doors of boxes and stalls stand open, swinging open, and letting in draughts innumerable from every imaginable corner. The gilding looks black, the velvet dusty, the orchestra an empty wild-beast den, the boxes and dress-circle a South American Campo Santo, only waiting for the bodies. And when, when the dingy inhabitants of the wild-beast den do troop in, and begin that interminable and ear-maddening "skreaking," droning, and whining popularly known as tuning their instruments, and which it seems indispensable to perform in public—when a stream of roughs, and more genteel ones tramping, stamping, and shouting into the gallery, and begin to while away the time by aiming bits of orange-peel at the back parting of your hair—when, every time that you have succeeded in banishing these annoyances in an interval of reading your paper, you are requested to get up and make room for some porpoise-like dowager, or assist the transit of an elderly young lady, with so much violet powder on the rosy points of her elbows that she leaves white marks on your coat in passing, looking as though you had been tattooed for the occasion by some illiterate beer-boozer had used you for a slate to cast up his public-house score upon; then, indeed, do you feel inclined to regard theatres and theatre-going as a delusion and a snare, and to exclaim with the preacher, "This too is vanity!"

The curtain rose at last; not for the drama in which Miss Dynevor was to appear, but for the usual infliction in the shape of a preliminary farce, which, being compounded as usual out of utter rubbish, acted as usual by the dregs of the company, and witnessed by the small number who come early because they want to avoid a crush, or to see as much as they can for their money, or to patronize some actor in whom they take a personal interest, was almost as dreary to Merle (a professed epicure in his enjoyments) as the previous waiting had been. He sat through it patiently, saw the orthodox amount of kissing and scolding, knocking down, banging doors, and other pantomime-like exercises, and uttered a fervent "Thank God" when the curtain fell at last upon smart soubrette, injured husband, and giggling lovers. Almost at the same moment, a rush of people arrived, anxious to lose no part of the successful drama; stalls and boxes filled, and the stage with opera-cloaked damsels, white-fronted squires, and bejeweled mammas; the orchestra began to play a slow and plaintive melody, suggestive of something more telling to come; and in the eager excitement of watching for the curtain to rise, Merle did not notice the people—two ladies, very quietly dressed, and a gentleman, small and pretty-featured, with sharp eyes and an almost wax-doll trimness of appearance—who came in at last, and took reserved seats in the front row of the dress-circle, immediately looking down on him.

The play was a well-known one of Sheridan's, recently revived, and got up to suit the requirements of the modern stage, with so much brilliancy and success that, even without Miss Dynevor's charms, it would have been the drama of the season. As it was, she added such an amount of living fire and interest to it, that, during the early part of the first act, where the heroine does not appear, society played with its opera-glasses and waited, disregardful of the more than excellent cast exerting themselves with thankless energy for their edification, till Miss Dynevor's appearance should give the required spur to their capricious interest.

The right moment arrived, and she gave it. A folding door opened, a page entered, carrying muff, lap-dog, and cushion; and behind him came a woman, young and slender, before whom the whole house seemed to rise en masse, amid such a roar of clapping, stamping, and repetitions of the one word "Dynevor! Dynevor!" that for some seconds the actress had enough to do in acknowledging the welcome accorded her by repeated bowings of her small, powdered head, and sweepings of the graceful, sinuous figure.

Merle did not even see her face!

When people in front stalls will rise, a small man at the back will be at a disadvantage; and even when the excitement was over, and she had settled on her part, he found her face turned from him, so that he could see nothing but the peach-like curve of cheek and chin; and a willowy form, slighter and taller than that imprinted on his memory, in nowise resembling that hideous photograph, bending with perfect grace over a letter which she was reading. And yet somehow, in some mysterious way, neither due to face nor figure—least of all to dress, which was of the sacque and stomacher era—recalling that buried flower of his youth with an almost sickening sense of tantalizing uncertainty.

It did not last long. The letter was from a lover, the villain of the piece; and whose villainy—already divined by the heroine—is confirmed by a scrap of paper accidentally inserted in the envelope containing his proposals. He himself is announced almost before his would-be mistress has finished perusing his letter; and as, in answer to his rapturous greeting, she turned slowly round, the full flare of the gaslights on her beautiful face—contempt, almost loathing, written in every delicate curve and line, flashing like wildfire in the brilliant eyes, and even quivering in the white and rigid little hand in which, without one spoken word, she tendered the two papers to the astounded villain, Merle rose to his feet for one moment, a half-uttered cry trembling on his lips.

It was Minnie Bruce—Minnie, and no other, alive and in the flesh!

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GLOBE THEATRE,
New Orleans, La.

The Globe Theatre, formerly the National, was erected by Messrs. Schneider & Zuberbier, prominent and wealthy merchants of New Orleans, expressly as a German Theatre, and was opened on Nov. 22, 1866, with a regular German dramatic company, under the management of Gustave Osterman, who retained that position until the season of 1871, when Osterman was succeeded by Mr. Ed. Haerting, who managed it until the season of 1871. He was followed by Oscar Guttman, for the season of 1872, who resigned the managerial baton to Gustave Comments. During this time the management of Mr. Osterman was probably the most successful; but the enterprise of Messrs. Schneider & Zuberbier was not so remunerative as was anticipated, the German population of the city not being large enough to support a theatre of their own. In June, 1874, Messrs. S. & Z. leased the theatre to the Shakespeare Club for a term of years. The association's club-rooms occupy the entire ground floor, and are probably the finest and most expensive of the kind in the city. On taking possession the Association changed the name of the theatre to that of the Globe, and entered into arrangements with Mr. J. Kittredge, for many years treasurer of the Academy of Music, to take the management and sole control of it. It is most centrally located, convenient to all the city railroads, and is now undergoing a thorough and complete renovation, inside and out. The seating capacity of the auditorium will be augmented to 1,800. All the boxes save those in the proscenium will be replaced by chairs. The season will commences early in October, and it is the intention to run it as a first-class variety theatre, similar to Fox's American" in Philadelphia, Pa., or the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass. \$1 Kittredge is credited with the possession of the requisite ability, and his long professional experience in that city, should enable him to successfully conduct his new venture.

EPITAPH ON A CARD-PLAYER.

Poor Jack! thy merry heart is still—
The voice is silent, too;
Thy hand played out, thy *tricks* are o'er,
Thy game of life is through.

With all thou hast most fairly *dealt*,
And none could call thee *knave*;
But thou hast *shuffled off* the "coil,"
And this spot is thy grave.

We know it was thy pleasure oft
At "Loo" and "Whist" to win;
Black *cards* (not guards) thy fav'rites were,
But *spades* last look thee in.

But Death's relentless hand cuts off
Both *high* and *low* the same,
And then, despite their *honors* fair,
He took *Jack and the game.*

Ne'er till the *last trump calls thee* out,
Poor John, shalt thou arise;
But, like the *diamond* clothed in light,
Thy soul shall reach the skies.

WHY THEY CALLED IT ANGELS'.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BERMUDAS.

It was an hour after sunrise when I took my seat in the stage at Sonora, bound for Stockton. Twenty thousand dollars, with a valuable mail, was in that coach, with a driver, conductor and six passengers to guard it. A loud crack of the whip, a rush of hoofs, and we were off. Down the long street, flanked on either side by a row of bright-foliaged orange-trees, with here and there a pink-blossomed oleander, whirled the stage. Now we pass a substantial building, iron shuttered and doored; then we catch sight of an ungainly fissure, straddled by long spider-legged flumes, bearing muddy water; and as we roll along there come little puffs of the dying breeze, impregnated with the fragrance of orange-blossoms. We are passing through what was once one of the richest gold-diggings in the State. Now it is nearly depopulated, the gold is almost all worked out, and the place is falling into decay. Twenty years ago this was a flourishing town, teeming with busy life, peopled by a cosmopolitan army. Where are they now? Scattered like the leaves of the forest. A few still live, rich and respected. Some are still digging and delving, as poor as when they began. Some are in their graves, sent to their deaths by the pistol-ball, the knife, or the Vigilants' rope. If those rocks could speak, many a tale could they tell of human woes, of fierce sorrows and tragic events. An air of romance, poetry, humor and pathos hovered about these people, nor was there lacking a dramatic element. This same street has been the scene of riot and bloodshed. Each of these deserted saloons once did a larger business than a dozen of the grocery stores now flourishing. Once the crack of the pistol was almost as common a sound as the stroke of the pick. Yet it is hard to believe that such things have been, for everything looks peaceful.

It was a good twenty-mile drive to Knight's Ferry on the first station; but there was a never-ending change of scenery to prevent stagnation. At one moment we would be spinning through a deep cut, and at another would find ourselves on the side of a steep hill. Sometimes we crossed a rude bridge, with a stream rippling, leaping and laughing beneath it, glittering like silver until it reached a flume, through which it rushed and came out black and muddy at the other end. Before us, thirty miles away, lay the Sacramento Valley, its vast expanse stretching out as far as the eye could reach—a glorious panorama. Back of us the volcanic Sierra Nevada, its sides still in the gloomy shadow, spotted here and there with patches of bare rock, towering majestically over the dark green of the pines. In the trees fluttered gaudy-feathered inhabitants; the blue-jay, the robin, the bluebird, the woodpecker and the brilliant humming-bird. Along the roadside blossomed the azalea, the buckeye and the syringa, making the air heavy with their perfume. So we rolled along down an easy incline until the horses fell into a monotonous trot. We had reached the foot of the slope and were fairly into the Valley. Phew! how the sun beat down, and how the red dust did rise and hover in the air, penetrating our lungs and settling on every available spot!

We were now in the tule lands, a most uninteresting spot to be in the midst of, but very fine when viewed from a distance. Everything in it is confined upon a far-spreading oak, and we longed to lie under its friendly shade, if but for a moment.

Having contemplated the scenery to our hearts' content, we turned our attention to our fellow-passengers. Four of them we knew, they being old citizens of Sonora, but the fifth was a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered, intelligent-looking man, and about fifty years of age. He was dressed in plain black, and had the appearance of a man who was well-to-do in the world's gifts. His countenance was open and honest, and we had made up our minds favorably. He seemed to be fidgety under the long-continued silence, and we were not at all surprised when he broke it in the following words:

"Gentlemen," said he, "have any of you ever been at Angels' Camp, in Calaveras County?"

Several replied that they had.

"I am an old settler, gentlemen," resumed the broad-shouldered man. "I came out with Stevenson, and I made my fortune here, but have spent the last two years in the East." He took a fresh chew and settled himself.

"Once I spent considerable time at Angels', and I always had a curiosity to know why they gave it such a name. The place is certainly not a paradise; for how could a place be which is peopled by angels? To look at the country, with its bad spirits, and it a mass of sluices, flumes, shanties, and such truck?"

There were no dissenting remarks, and the broad-shouldered man smiled and went on.

"I had such a curiosity as to that point, that I made it my duty to find out. By putting this and that together, I got the following story. Let's 'irrigate' first"—pulling a flask from his pocket—"this dust makes mighty dry talking."

Having "irrigated," we were all attention.

"Of course you all know how the place came to be settled, and I'll tell it in as few words as I'm a bore," said the story-teller with a wink. Of course they did. "Angels" had been settled about a year, when Ragtown—their near neighbors—had a 'clean out,' and of course the whole pack came over to Angels'. They couldn't starve, you know. They were gamblers, thieves, sluice-robbers, and I am sorry to say there were wom'n among them—not of much account, though, I imagine. Among this lot was a woman they called Maggie. She was one of the handsomest women ever seen in the camps, and she did not have the look of the common run. Her check was fair, but her eye was bright, and her form was full and ample. In aristocratic air sat upon her in spite of her coarse calling. Mind, gentlemen, I am following the description of an intelligent informant. I never saw her. Well, this woman excited a great deal of attention. She had suitors by the dozen, and one man was mad enough to want to marry her. That was nothing at the puddles rather too risky; the camp couldn't have *that*, and so she went to live with Bill Gregory, proprietor of the 'Live and Let Live Saloon.' For four long months that crowd made that camp a perfect hell on earth. After a while horses began to disappear, shafts were robbed, and murders became common. The right-minded citizens began to see that if the camp was to be anything, they should have a general freezing-out. There was no such thing as law and order; and for a place to be anything of a place, it must have some regard for such conditions. The long and short of it was, a Citizens' Committee was organized—you know how such things are done—and the first thing they did was to hang three of the men who were known to be thieves. The rest were gathered in a gang be marched out of camp, Maggie and another woman were missing. A committee were appointed to go and find them. At the door of the Live and Let Live they met the proprietor, who, placing a finger on his lips, motioned them to be silent. She had been sick for two weeks with a fever, and was supposed not to be dying. There was some hesitation on the part of the committee; it might be so and it might not; they were undecided as to entering.

"'Jack,' whispered one of the men, 'we've been onsatisfied with the name of this yer camp. Now, I move as we go in, an' ef she's dyin' we might name it arter the last words she sez, eh?'

"The party assented, and, pushing aside the remonstrating proprietor, they entered the back-room. The woman lay on a couch before them, her beautiful hair tossed about, and that Mrs. Tilton had desired a separation. He asked her if it were true. She answered by a letter that it was a 'falsehood coined by my poor mother.' A long letter follows from Mrs. Tilton to the lady with whom Bowen had alleged an improper connection with Tilton."

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On the 21st inst. Tilton, through his counsel, Messrs. Morris & Peasnall, instituted a civil action suit against Beecher, the summons and complaint being served upon Messrs. Shearman & Sterling, the defendant's legal advisers, who drew up an answer specifically refuting everything alleged, and forwarded the same to Beecher at the Twin Mountain House, in New Hampshire, where he is passing his vacation. In the complaint Tilton charges that the defendant, contriving and willfully intending to injure the plaintiff and deprive him of the comfort, society and assistance of the said Elizabeth, the wife of the plaintiff, and to alienate and destroy her affection for him, heretofore, on or about the 10th day of October, 1868, and on divers other days and times after that day and before the commencement of this action, at the house of the defendant, No. 124 Columbia street, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the house of Theodore Tilton, 174 Livingston street, city of Brooklyn, wrongfully and wickedly, and without privity or connivance of plaintiff, debauched and carnally knew the said Elizabeth, and by reason of the premises the plaintiff has wholly lost the comfort, society, aid and assistance which during all the time aforesaid he otherwise might and ought to have had and enjoyed, and has suffered great distress in body and mind, to the damage of the plaintiff $100,000," in which amount the plaintiff demands judgment against the defendant for the wrongs and injuries therein set forth. It is also stated that Tilton contemplates bringing suit against the Plymouth pastor on a charge of libel, based upon the charges of blackmail made by the latter in his statement before the committee; damages to be laid at $50,000.

A SEDUCER SHOT.—The following was telegraphed from Indianapolis, Ind., on the 20th inst.: "George C. Harding, editor and proprietor of *The Indianapolis Herald*, shot Sol Moritz, a prominent merchant of this city, this afternoon. It appears that these gentlemen have been warm friends, and very intimate in their social relations. Moritz, who is about forty years old, took advantage of the privilege of this intimacy, and succeeded in seducing Harding's daughter, about eighteen years of age. This was accomplished last March, and improper relations have been maintained by the parties since that time. The young lady confessed these facts to her father last evening, and, overwhelmed with remorse, attempted to commit suicide by taking opium. It is thought she repeated the dose this morning. About 1 o'clock this afternoon Harding went in search of a physician, met Moritz on the street and immediately began firing at him, shooting four times, as they passed down the street. One of the shots shattered Moritz's left elbow, and another passed through his lung, lodging in his chest. It was thought the latter wound would prove fatal, but at 10 o'clock he was resting quietly, and will probably recover. Miss Harding died at about 3 o'clock this afternoon. Harding is under $10,000 bail to await the result of Moritz's wounds. Public feeling is very strongly in sympathy with Harding. Since the shooting, Mrs. Harding, the stepmother of the dead daughter, has stated that Moritz had also made improper proposals to her. Harding denies the charge made by Miss Harding on her death-bed, and says as soon as he is able he will prove his innocence."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.
Statement of "Mutual Friend" Moulton.

On Friday, Aug. 21, Francis D. Moulton, the would-be peacemaker in the great scandal of the age, made public his long-deferred statement, originally drawn up for presentation to the Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church, but withheld from them, as the writer alleges in his prefatory letter, "in a last effort at pairing effort for peace, at the earnest solicitation of some of Mr. Beecher's friends, and with the approval also of some of the most valued of my own." He closes his introductory communication to the public as follows:

This publication to which Mr. Beecher forces me renders fruitless four years of constant and sincere efforts to save him. It leaves him and Mrs. Tilton in almost the same position in which I found them, entering on it as their own late disingenuous untruthfulness in their solemn statements may lower them in the estimation of the world. I reserve to myself the right hereafter to review the statements of Mr. Beecher in contrast with the facts as shown by the documents herewith subjoined and others which I have at my hand, the publication of which did not seem to be necessary until some portion of the published evidence of Beecher demanded contradiction.

Mr. Moulton's narrative, which covers three pages of the leading New York dailies, is herewith summarized:

It begins by recounting an interview with Mr. Tilton on Dec. 26, 1870, immediately after the latter had written his demand upon Mr. Beecher to retract the "falsehood" upon Tilton then told him that Beecher had made "improper advances to Mrs. Tilton." He quotes the famous letter of Tilton to Bowen of Jan. 1, 1871. On Dec. 30 Tilton told Moulton of the confession of his wife of the intercourse between her and Beecher. Beecher went to his house to see Tilton, who subsequently told Moulton and others he had recited "the details of the confession of his wife's adulteries." On that night Beecher neither denied nor admitted the truth of the charges against him. The next morning, as Moulton was leaving home for business, Tilton came to his house, and with great anger said that Beecher had done a mean act; that he had gone from that interview of the night before to receive letters from Elizabeth a recantation and retraction of her confession. He said for that act he would smite him; that there could be no peace. He said: "You see that I have told you of the meanness of that man is now evident." Tilton said that Beecher at the interview of last night had asked his permission to go and see Elizabeth, and he told him to go, which statement was confirmed by Beecher himself, and Beecher left him for that purpose. Moulton said to Tilton: "Now, don't get angry. If it comes I'll arrange for a meeting." I will go down and get that retraction from him."

He was unable to go that morning, but in the evening he called at the pastor's residence, saw Beecher, and told him that he thought he had been doing a very mean and treacherous act—treacherous, first, toward himself (Moulton), from whom he wanted help, in that he did not tell him on the night before of the slight before, what he had procured from Mrs. Tilton, and that he could not expect his friendship in this matter unless he acted truthfully and honorably. Moulton further said: "Mr. Beecher, you have had criminal intercourse with Mrs. Tilton; you have done great injury to Tilton's household, and when you are confronted with it, you ask permission of the man to again visit his house, and you get from that woman who has confessed to you have ruined Mrs. Tilton a recantation and rejection of the truth for your mere personal safety. That won't save you." At that interview, as Moulton alleges, Beecher admitted his guilt and in answer to Moulton's bitter denunciations with Mrs. Tilton, expressed some indignation that she had not told him that she had told her husband, and that in consequence of being in ignorance of that fact he had been walking upon a volcano—referring to what he had done in connection with Bowen, and with reference to Tilton's family. Beecher also told him that Mrs. Beecher had been raging, on learning of the confession of Mrs. Tilton to her husband, had been expressing great sympathy toward Mrs. Tilton, and making an active interest with her against her husband. Moulton said: "Mr. Beecher, I want that recantation; I have come for it." "Well," said he, "what shall I do without it?" Moulton replied: "You know well how to tell you what will happen with it." He asked, "What will you do if I give it to you?" Moulton answered, "I will keep it in a fireproof safe." "If you act honorably I will protect it with my life, as I would protect a diamond other with my life. Mr. Tilton asked for that confession this morning, and I said, 'I will never give it to you; you shall not have it from my hands until I have exhausted every effort for peace,'" Mr. Beecher gave him back the paper, the original of which Moulton holds.

The apology, says Moulton, was "dictated" by Beecher, and "had reference to no other fact or act than the confession of sexual intercourse." Bowen's terms and Beecher's notes of the reconciliation between them are given. The letters which passed between Mrs. Hooker and her brothers, which were handed to Moulton by Beecher, are given in full. Here appears the letter from Mr. Thomas K. Beecher, from which Tilton made an extract in his statement. Moulton reproduces the card which he says Beecher wished Tilton to sign, denouncing Mrs. Woodhull. The letters from Beecher to Moulton, and the pledge of Tilton, before published, are given, and one from Mrs. Morse to Beecher relating the miseries of the Tilton home, and appealing for help. Moulton states why he kept the letter, and sent it away to school, and adds letters from her denying what she had before charged against Mr. Tilton. Her expenses were paid by Beecher, and the amounts given, the money having passed through Mr. Moulton's hands. Moulton learned on Jan. 1, 1871, of the charges of infidelity on the part of Mrs. Tilton, and that Mrs. Tilton had desired a separation. He asked her if it were true. She answered by a letter that it was a "falsehood coined by my poor mother." A long letter follows from Mrs. Tilton to the lady with whom Bowen had alleged an improper connection with Tilton."

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BASEBALL.

ATLANTIC vs. ESSEX.

There are plenty of good ball-tossers in Newark, N. J., and its vicinity, and it has not been to the credit of that city that it has not long ere this had a regular ball field for its local club nines to play on. Recently the managers of the Essex Baseball Association of Newark have tried to remedy the matter by securing an inclosed ball field at Irvington, and on Aug. 20 their new field was inaugurated, the occasion being made noteworthy by a match between the Atlantic Club nine of Brooklyn and the new nine of the Essex Club. The weather proved to be excessively hot, the arrangements to have extra cars on the route from Newark to Irvington were incomplete, and consequently the success of the match, as regards the attendance, was not very great. Considerable interest was manifested in reference to the play of the Essex Club, as two days before the Atlantic had defeated the Eastons at Easton by 31 to 11, and the Newark nine were anxious to "see" those figures and go one better. Though they did not have their full nine out, they managed to improve upon the Easton score, and but for their getting demoralized in the first inning they would have made a far better record. But they allowed the professionals—who were not at all in good trim—to score 14 unearned runs in the first inning, and this deprived the contest of interest in the very outset. Afterwards they improved in their play, the score of the last seven innings being 16 to 8 only. The Essex nine include the two veterans Stackman and Crawford, both decidedly rusty. They have an excellent catcher in Joyce, as active and plucky as the best; Dolan, too, is a good short, and Beach covers third well. They want a first-baseman badly. Cox pitched with good effect, only 3 runs being earned off his pitching. Dehlman's play was the feature of the Atlantics' fielding, and he also led at the bat. Good stops, and catches, too, were made by Ferguson, Pearce and Fleet, the latter playing his position well. Beach of the Essex also plays in the Princeton nine and the Staten Island Club, so he has plenty of practice. The new ground is badly laid out, and it needs a great deal of work put on it to make it fit to play on. The seats for spectators are too close, and a row of seats is needed to form a boundary line. It is well fenced, and can be made a good ground. The score of the match is as follows:

ATLANTIC.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pearce, s.s.	2	4	2	2	1
Booth, 1 f.	3	2	1	0	0
Chapman, r f.	3	2	2	0	1
Fleet, 2d b	6	2	6	5	1
Bond, p.	3	2	0	1	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	5	2	1	6	0
Dehlman, 1st b.	6	1	16	0	0
Clack, c f.	1	4	1	0	1
Ledwith, c.	1	1	0	3	7
Totals.	30	25	27	14	13

ESSEX.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGovern, 1f.	3	3	2	0	1
Dolan, s s.	3	2	1	6	1
Beach, 3d b.	3	3	4	0	6
Crawford, c f.	1	4	4	0	1
Armstrong, r f.	0	3	1	1	0
Gough, 1st b.	0	5	2	6	1
Joyce, c.	1	1	6	0	6
Cox, p.	0	0	2	2	4
Stockman, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	4
Totals.	11	16	27	10	27

Atlantic	14	0	2	3	5	0	4	2	0—30
Essex	1	0	0	0	0	3	4	0	0—8

First base by errors—Atlantic, 12; Essex, 4. Runs earned—Atlantic, 3; Essex, 3. Total wides pitched—By Stockman, 9; by Cox, 14; by Bond, 16. Umpire, Mr. Farran of the Essex Club. Time, 2h. 30m.

STAR vs. CHELSEA.

On Tuesday, Aug. 18, about one thousand persons assembled on the Star grounds, at Hamburg Park, Newark, N. J., to witness the first game of the series between that club and the Chelseas of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the amateur championship. The Stars won the toss and at 4:30 sent the Chelseas to the bat. No runs were scored until the fifth inning, when the Chelseas had a life given them by an error, an opportunity which they improved. In the sixth inning the Chelseas were blanked, and the Stars placed two earned runs to their credit by a three-base hit by Ward and a home run by Pierson. Score—Stars, 2; Chelseas, 1. In the seventh inning the Chelseas scored three runs, two of which were earned, Rule making a fine hit for a home run. The Stars scored one run. In the eighth inning the Brooklynites were disposed of in one-two-three order, while the Stars added two runs to their tally, one of which was earned. In their ninth turn at the bat the Chelseas had another life given them at first base, which, aided by a wild throw from home, gave them a run, tieing the game. The Stars were blanked. In the next and concluding inning, the Chelseas secured one run, and were then disposed of in one-two-three order. Ward again led off for the Stars with a three-base hit. Pierson gained his first by a base-hit, and Ward ran home. Nuttman, West, Hand and Price, by some fine batting, secured three runs more, ending the game in their favor by the following score:

CHELSEA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Hoy, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	1
Gaul, 1 f.	1	1	1	0	
Metcalf's s.	1	0	0	2	
Cassidy, 1st b.	0	1	2	8	
Rule, p.	1	2	5	2	
McDonald, c f.	0	0	0	0	
Horigan, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	
	0	0	0	0	
Roache, c.	1	0	11	1	
Totals.	6	7	30	10	

STAR.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 1st b.	1	0	15	0	
Ward, p.	3	2	0	2	
Pierson, c.	1	2	1	3	
Nuttman, 2d b.	2	1	4	2	
West, c f.	1	2	3	0	
Price, 1 f.	0	1	3	0	
Shock, s s.	0	0	0	3	
Totals.	9	9	30	15	

Chelsea	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	1—6
Star	0	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	4—9

Umpire, J. McClatchy, Marion B. B. C., Newark. Time, 2h. 15m.

CONFIDENCE vs. T. B. F. U. S.

The above-named clubs met for the first time at Bridgeport, Ct., Aug. 19, and the Yorkers received a terrible defeat at the hands of their opponents. The Confidence led off well, but Nichols' effective pitching prevented them from scoring a run after the first inning, most of them going out in three strikes. Snigg, Smith, Darrigan and O'Rourke played their respective positions finely, as also did Dillon, Bweyer and Sherlen. During the game Buck received a severe injury by a ball striking him in the eye, and his position was played by Snigg in an effective manner. The T. B.'s friends were jubilant over their victory, as before the game a general impression prevailed that they would be defeated. Appended is the score:

CONFIDENCE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dillon, 1st b.	1	0	8	2	
Hyde, c.	1	1	7	1	
Dwyer, c.	1	1	5	5	
R. Hanner, l f.	0	0	1	0	
Sherlen, 3d b.	1	1	3	1	
I. Hanner, c f.	1	1	1	0	
O'Rourke, p.	0	0	4	1	
Brady, r f.	0	0	0	0	
Larkin, 3d b.	0	1	2	0	
Totals.	4	5	27	14	

T. B. F. U. S.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Buck, 1st b.	2	1	9	2	
F. Nichols, r f.	0	0	1	0	
Smith, c.	2	2	9	2	
Nichols, p.	2	1	1	0	
Snigg, l f.	3	3	11	0	
Ward, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	
Darrigan, s s.	2	4	0	1	
Totals.	16	15	27	5	

Confidence	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
T. B. F. U. S.	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	5	1—16

Runs earned—T. B., 8; Confidence, 0. Umpire, James Casey. Time, 2h.

After the game the T. B. F. U. S. Club were presented with a magnificent rosewood bat, inlaid with silver, and a silver ball, the gift of several prominent citizens of Bridgeport. The challenge is thrown out to any amateur club in the State (even the Hartfords) to come and win them if they can; the first and last game of the three to be played in Bridgeport. The presentation took place at the club parlors, and was accompanied by suitable speeches, songs, and a general determination to "cling to that bat."

BENEDICTS vs. BACHELORS.

The announcement that the married and single members of the Lincoln Club of the Seventh District were to play their return game sufficed to attract a large throng to the Turf House grounds, Seventh avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-first street, on Tuesday, Aug. 18. The club had laid in a liberal supply of solid and fluid refreshments for their visitors, which thoughtful action was duly appreciated by the sight-seers, who failed not to do justice to the good things provided for the stomach's sake. Commissioner Cornelius Van Cott umpired the game understandingly, and with satisfaction to both sides. The score follows:

MARRIED.	R.
Wallace, 1st b.	4
G. Van Cott, p.	4
R. Van Cott, c.	4
Hill, 3d b.	0
Williamson, s s.	2
Edgerly, l f.	0
Lippincott, 2d b.	0
Carroll, r f.	0
G. Van Cott, Jr., c f.	3
Total.	22
Married.	4
Single.	2

SINGLE.	R.
W. Van Cott, p.	3
Reid, 1st b.	5
Somers, 3d b.	1
Overin, r f.	3
Barnett, s s.	1
McCabe, c f.	3
Isles, 2d b.	1
Bresman, l f.	3
Total.	21
	6 5 5 2—22
	3 3 8 2 6—21

AMITY vs. YOUNG AMERICA.

An interesting game was played by these Sacramento, Cal., clubs Aug. 9, the result of which is shown by the score below:

AMITY.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Pond, s.	3	1	2	1	
McCabe, 3d b.	2	3	0	0	
Guthrie, 1st b.	1	1	8	0	
Rider, c.	1	0	1	0	
Smith, 1 f.	0	0	0	0	
Burk, r f.	1	1	1	0	
Govan, 2d b.	0	1	2	2	
Curren, c.	2	2	12	1	
Kane, p.	1	0	1	3	
Totals.	11	9	27	7	

YOUNG AMERICA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Hack, 2d b.	1	0	3	2	
Houghton, p.	0	1	2	1	
McCarthy, s s.	1	0	2	5	
Bolander, c.	0	0	6	3	
Hawkins, 3d b.	1	0	1	0	
Clark, 1st b.	1	0	11	0	
Burns, c f.	2	1	1	0	
Mayo, l f.	0	0	1	0	
Ash, r f.	0	0	0	0	
Totals.	6	2	27	12	

Amity	3	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	0—7
Young America	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	1	0—6

Umpire, E. F. Huntley. Time, 2h.

FLYAWAY vs. MUTUAL.

On Aug. 17 the Flyaways of New York visited Saratoga, and on the same day played the amateur Mutuals of that village at Glen Mitchell, and won by the appended score:

FLYAWAY.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
McGee, 2d b.	6	4	5	0	
Shanley, l f.	2	1	1	0	
Geer, s s.	2	1	3	0	
Buckon, c.	1	0	3	3	
Antoine, 1st b.	1	0	14	1	
Treacy, 3d b.	1	2	0	5	
Jolly, r f.	3	2	0	2	
Peroy, p.	2	2	1	7	
Totals.	21	18	27	18	

MUTUAL.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Morrissey, 2d b.	1	1	2	0	
Ingram, 3d b.	0	1	3	0	
Corey, c f.	1	1	4	0	
Odell, r f.	1	2	0	0	
Cummings, l f.	0	1	1	0	
Shea, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	
Hemsworth, s s.	1	2	2	5	
Burns, c.	0	1	3	3	
Blackall, p.	0	0	2	2	
Totals.	4	9	27	11	

Flyaway	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	0—21
Mutual	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—4

Runs earned—Flyaway, 2; Mutual, 0. Total errors—Flyaway, 11; Mutual, 26. Umpire, J. Wheeler, Athletic Club, N. Y. Time, 2h. 15m.

NAMELESS vs. CONCORD.

The game played between these Brooklyn amateur clubs on the Capitoline Grounds Aug. 18 resulted as follows:

NAMELESS.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Britt, p.	1	2	0	1	
Driscoll, 3d b.	2	1	0	1	
Dox, c.	1	1	6	1	
Coleman, s f.	1	2	1	0	
Brasher, s s.	2	2	3	6	
Reynolds, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	
Smith, 1st b.	2	2	8	0	
Nelson, r f.	2	3	2	0	
Valentine, 1 f.	0	0	4	0	
Totals.	11	14	27	10	

CONCORD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Kochler, s s.	0	2	1	1	
Rowe, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	
Dewitt, c.	1	2	8	2	
Mack, p.	1	2	1	1	
Pike, c f.	2	1	1	0	
Devine, 1st b.	3	2	9	0	
Wilson, 2d b.	2	2	2	0	
McKinley, r f.	1	0	2	0	
Sanford, 2d b.	1	1	2	3	
Totals.	10	14	27	7	

Nameless	2	2	1	1	2	1	0	0	0—11
Concord	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—10

Runs earned—Nameless, 2; Concord, 1. Total errors—Nameless, 12; Concord, 14. Umpire, Mr. Dedge of the Chelsea Club. Time, 2h. 45m.

CHELSEA vs. HOWARD.

A fine game was played at Lynn Aug. 15 between these Boston clubs, as the appended score shows:

CHELSEA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Pigott, 3d b.	1	2	2	3	
Davis, 1st b.	1	0	13	0	
Mutrie, s s.	1	2	2	9	
Egan, p.	1	1	1	8	
Ladd, l f.	1	0	2	0	
Burwell, c f.	0	0	2	0	
Peck, r f.	1	1	0	0	
Welsh, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	
Mulry, c.	1	1	2	0	
Totals.	7	7	27	16	

HOWARD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	
Pearsall, p.	0	0	1	3	
Whitney, c f.	0	0	3	1	
Canary, s s.	1	2	0	4	
B. Tilden, c.	0	0	4	1	
O. Tilden, 1 f.	0	0	2	0	
Hallett, 1st b.	0	0	4	0	
Wilbor, r f.	0	0	1	0	
W. Record, 2d b.	1	0	0	3	
S. Record, 3d b.	1	0	4	3	
Totals.	3	5	27	11	

Chelsea	1	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	1—7
Howard	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0—3

Runs earned—Chelsea, 1; Howard, 0. Umpire, Mr. Chandler, Boston Club. Time, 1h. 40m.

A SMALL SCORE.—The following is said to be the score of a match played at Burlington, N. J., on Aug. 12, between the "Haymakers" and the White Stockings of Philadelphia:

White Stockings	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Haymakers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

If this is a legitimate score, it is the smallest on record. But is it?

RYAN & DAVENPORT, manufacturers of the Ryan professional dead ball, insert their card in our advertising department, and to it we refer clubs and players.

KEYSTONE vs. NAMELESS. Amateur Hippodroming.

These New York and Brooklyn nines of amateur clubs arranged to play a match on the Union Grounds on Aug. 18. Some two or three hundred of the regular habitues of the ground were present, and pools were sold by Siebert, with the odds at nearly two to one on the Keystones winning. The fine play of the Keystones in their previous games with the Nassaus and Arlingtons—games marked by scores of 4 to 1 and 5 to 3—had made them deserved favorites. In the New York and Brooklyn match, the pitching of Tom Fallon, the short-fielding of Charley, his brother, and the catching of Ledwith, had done much to make the New York ten so brilliantly successful. For these reasons it was regarded as pretty sure for them to defeat the Nameless nine. To the great surprise of the crowd, however, the game on Tuesday opened a score of 5 runs for the Nameless, who batted Fallon's pitching for five base-hits with ease; when, on the day before, the Brooklyn ten had only made two base-hits off the same pitcher in ten innings! On the part of the Keystones, too, two of them struck out in the first inning, and they scored two runs by errors. In the fifth and sixth innings the Keystones allowed the Nameless nine to add 7 runs to their score on three base-hits, the errors of Conlin at third, C. Fallon at short field, and McCabe and Ledwith being apparently willful misplays. At this time Mr. Burdock came over to the reporters' stand, and remarked: "Talk about hippodroming! I never saw anything so bad as this;" and he further stated that if they didn't stop he'd leave the ground. Conlin of the Keystones also came over to the stand and charged the umpire with trying to "throw" the game on the other side. Plainly seeing that there was something suspicious in the match, we left the ground, declining to report such a disgraceful occurrence. Afterwards the Nameless gentlemen, realizing the fact that it would be no credit to win a game under the condition of things which marked the play of the Keystone nine, took up their bats and left the ground, and after considerable discussion the umpire gave the only decision he could fairly render under the circumstances, as follows:

"I do hereby decide the game between the Nameless and Keystone Clubs played this day a draw, and all bets off.

"JOHN J. BURDOCK, Umpire."

MUTUAL VS. UNION.

The New York Mutuals met a nine composed of players belonging to the Enterprise, Iron City and Xanthe Clubs at Union Park, Allegheny, Pa., Aug. 19, and defeated them by the score which follows:

MUTUAL.	R.	UNION.	R.
Higham, c.	2	Fox, s s.	0
Allison, r f.	3	McKelvy, 1st b.	0
Start, 1st b.	4	Pratt, c f.	1
Mathews, 3d b.	5	Head, r f.	0
Hatfield, 3d b.	1	Denny, 2d b.	0
Nelson, c f.	2	Curry, c.	0
Phelp, 3d b.	2	Bowman, l f.	0
Remsen, l f.	2	Hart, 3d b.	0
Cary, s s.	1	Hogan, p.	0
Total.	20	Total.	2

Mutual	2	12	0	0	4	0	2	0	0—20
Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Umpire, McClellan of Iron City Club.

RESIGNED.—Mr. Gassette, the able financial manager of the Chicago Baseball Association, has resigned his office as president of the club, and the organization is naturally in trouble about it. Mr. Gassette has identified himself with baseball in Chicago ever since the old Whites of '70 were organized, and he has done his best for the elevation of the game in that city. He managed the club with more economy, or given more satisfaction to the Chicago people. At the meeting of the club on Aug. 15, the treasurer made a financial report which showed that, after paying all the salaries up to date, ground rent for the entire year, and all bills for posters, tickets, traveling expenses, etc., over $7,000 remained in the treasury. An estimate of the expenses for the remainder of the year was reckoned at about $5,200, leaving still in the treasury $1,800, without counting the receipts hereafter. This was the result of Mr. Gassette's labors, and a creditable exhibit it is too. His resignation was most reluctantly accepted. He will now be free to go to work on the organization of a representative baseball twelve for Chicago, the players of which twelve will be engaged for three years' service, and none but thoroughly reliable men will be selected.

CRICKET.

THE AMERICAN PLAYERS IN ENGLAND.
The Match at Prince's.

The London Sportsman of Aug. 8 gives the appended report of the match at cricket at Prince's Grounds. We give details from London papers (in addition to our own correspondent's reports) because we desire to let CLIPPER readers see what is said of our representatives by the press at home.

THE AMERICAN BASEBALL-PLAYERS AT PRINCE'S.

On Thursday last the American champions appeared at Prince's, where they were announced to play eleven of Prince's Club and Ground at cricket until luncheon; and as after the repast had been duly partaken of, the rival nines were to show their skill at their national game, viz., baseball, which all America swears by. It will be remembered that they introduced themselves to London on Monday and Tuesday last at Lord's, where they were opposed to twelve of M. C. C. at cricket, and in that instance they subjugated their opponents in the first inning—exceeding their total by two runs. The match, however, was of two days' duration; consequently they were not credited with a victory. The team, then, they were pitted against at headquarters was not nearly of the first-water; still, the list of players bore favorable comparison with those drawn up to oppose them on the newly-made ground situated in the locality of Sloane street. We understand that the worthy secretary of the chocolate and blue club was not aware that our visitors had any pretensions to cricket, and this may in some way account for the disinclination evinced in bringing forward something like a moderate team to contest with them. We are bound to admit that Canterbury has the first call on our aspirants to cricket fame, but it appears remarkably strange that a club containing so many good batsmen could not be better represented in a contest of an international character. Our Transatlantic cousins are by no means the "muffs" at cricket people would have us believe (themselves in the bargain), for their activity in the field—if the old theory that saving runs is making runs be correct—is a prominent feature in the game, and this alone, as the score in the first inning of Prince's Club and Ground will testify, should cause secretaries to hesitate and use some discretion when compiling a list of names to play them. It is certain that they are *par excellence* in their own game, in the practice of which they are untiring, and it appears odd that we can't afford them an opportunity of witnessing and opposing a fair representative team of our cricket world.

The weather was of a delightful character for the participation of outdoor sports, the sun shining forth right merrily; but there was a decided shortcoming in a spectatorial sense when a start was made at cricket. This did not happen till one o'clock, owing to the home team being short-handed, six players only being present. The champions therefore went in the field, and allowed their antagonists, Mr. Foulis Burwood and Bush took up their places at the wickets, while H. Wright and McBride (underhand) were deputed the bowlers. The last-named operator only made a single and his *confrere* a four before being caught by Ingram, and his successor (Simpson) cried a pair in the following over. The Hon. A. Erskine was the next partner of Bush, who made a fluky single, and immediately afterwards the titled gentleman snicked one to Wright at long-stop, which was easily taken. The next four wickets were cut up one after another in close succession, only two runs being added by this number of performers, and eight were now disposed of for the miserable contribution of 9 runs. Mr. F. D. Leyland and Bush rose the total to 21, when the latter was caught at the wicket, after having offered a stubborn resistance in the shape of a "grounded" bat. The tenth wicket was not productive of any more runs, and a more uninteresting inning it would be difficult to imagine—it was brought to a close for the insignificant total of 21.

Dull weather presented itself at Prince's yesterday (Friday), when the cricket match was continued at twelve o'clock, instead of eleven, as it was the previous day arranged. The Yankees, who had disposed of the club for the mean contribution of 21, began their inning with Anson and Spalding as batsmen. The Hon. Erskine and McIntyre opened the attack. The first over from the honorable gentleman was instrumental in returning Spalding to the dressing-room, he being caught at mid-off. S. Wright, who overs subsequently, had his off-stump upset, and the following delivery from McIntyre cover-point accepted an easy chance, thereby dispensing with Anson's services. Three wickets were now sent down for 5 runs, and Leonard joined George Wright. The first-named made a good square leg-hit for four, and another in the same direction for three. He likewise hit the other bowler (McIntyre) to the off for a trio, but a single afterwards was his last addition, as from a "skyer" he was caught and bowled by McIntyre. The next two wickets fell in successive overs, and seven performers had by this time retired for a total of 32. Decidedly the most finished bat was Harry Wright, who played good cricket; but this cannot be said of any of the others. The majority of the visitors went in determined to hit or die, but Wright's twenty-two were obtained by good play, and they included one four, one three, and two twos. The ex-Harrovian (Mr. Leyland) displaced McIntyre with the ball when about half the side were out, and later on Erskine changed his delivery to lobs. The best contribution after this was eighteen by hard hitting on the part of McGeary, and the score included four fours and a two. Nothing of importance was noticeable until the inning was brought to a conclusion for 110 runs, and an hour was then devoted to luncheon.

But few persons had assembled when the inner man had been satisfied, and as the baseball was announced to commence at four o'clock cricket was continued, the Club and Ground entering on their second inning. By this time the heavy-laden clouds had passed away, giving place to a more pleasing aspect. Mr. Le Bas was caught off H. Wright's second ball by Schafer at point, and Mr. Wilkinson filled the vacancy. He had not long occupied his position before he lost his partner, Mr. Leyland, he being run out through a smart piece of fielding and a sharp return. McBride, who was unable to take part in the baseball, but sufficiently recovered from his exertions, brought about from bowling throughout the inning on the previous day, to again assume the position of bowler, vice H. Wright. The inning was almost a repetition of the former one played by the club, and the only batsmen who made a creditable score were Mr. Wilkinson and the Honorable Erskine, they contributing fourteen runs each, and the inning closed for 39, thus the Americans were returned the winners by an inning and 50 runs. Two substitutes were allowed to bat, viz., Palmer and Banbury, in place of Mr. Amos and Simpson.

First Inning.	PRINCE'S CLUB.	Second Inning.	
Wilkinson c Clapp b H. Wright	4	b H. Wright	14
Bush c McVey b Wright	5	not out	0
Palmer (sub.) b McBride	0	b McBride	0
Erskine c S. b H. Wright	0	b H. Wright	14
Box, Jun., b McBride	0	c Leonard b G. Wright	4
Le Bas c Battin b H. Wright	1	c Schafer b H. Wright	0
Ludlow b H. Wright	0	c Spalding b H. Wright	0
Newton b McBride	0	b H. Wright	2
McIntyre b McBride	0	b H. Wright	0
Leyland not out	10	run out	0
Banbury (sub.) run out	0	b McBride	2
Bye	1	Bye 1, l b 1, w 1	3
Total	21	Total	39

EIGHTEEN OF AMERICA.

Spalding c sub b Erskine	0	Barnes run out	0
Schafer c Palmer b McIntyre	0	Hall b McIntyre	12
S. Wright b Erskine	3	O'Rourke c and b Leyland	10
Leonard c and b McIntyre	11	McMullin c sub b Erskine	2
G. Wright c Box b McIntyre	3	Battin c Leyland b Erskine	0
McBride c and b Erskine	1	McGeary c Newton b Erskine	18
Sutton c Bush b Erskine	0	Clapp b Erskine	1
McVey b McIntyre	11	Murnan not out	0
H. Wright c Bush b McIntyre	22	Byes, 3, l b, 2; w, 2	7
Schafer c Palmer b McIntyre	0	Total	110

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

PRINCE'S CLUB—First Inning.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
H. Wright	20-1	14	13	5
McBride	20	15	7	4
Second Inning.				
H. Wright	22	11	23	6
McBride	14	10	6	2
G. Wright	7-1	4	7	1

AMERICANS—First Inning.				
Hon. Erskine	35	6	56	8
McIntyre	20	9	32	7
Mr. Leyland	6	2	15	1

Hon. Erskine bowled two wides.

ST. GEORGE vs. SYRACUSE.

A very enjoyable game took place on the St. George Cricket Ground, Hoboken, on Aug. 18, in which the contestants were an eleven of St. George and the Rev. Mr. Calthorpe's Syracuse Club eleven, chiefly young men whom this enthusiastic cricketer is "training up in the way they should go" in a noble game. The St. George team went to the bat, and before the classic youths of Syracuse could take all the "dragon slayers" into camp they had run up no less than 126 runs. On the other hand, the Calthorpian pupils were disposed of in short order by Jones and Morean for 23 only; and having of course to follow their inning, they managed in their second effort at the bat to score 74, leaving the St. George team victors in one inning and over a dozen runs to spare. The feature of the play on the St. George side was the dash and brilliancy shown at the bat by its noted man of Marlborough, Morean, who was on for two hours, and for the large score of 65. Jones fully intended to have lapped the score, but, as all luck would have it, the first ball took his stumps, leaving behind his only score. Sauce, too, went in to run up his average, but he poked a ball into a fielder's hands the first over he had, and of course made squarely the same score as Jones. Cashman and Bowman also went into the egg business, while Wells contributed a good 17, and Carpenter his usual 13. The next best score to that of Morean was Cooksey's 18, marked by three hits for 4 each, the "infant" handling the willow very stylishly. On the other hand, Smith, a young American cricketer, bore off the palm at the bat on the Syracuse side, getting 17, the journalist Cowie making the next best score and carrying his bat out. The latter also bowled well, as did Mr. Calthorpe. The following is the score:

St. GEORGE.			
Earnshaw b Cowie	2	Bowman l b w b Phillips	0
Morean b Phillips	67	Lemmon not out	13
Cooksen b Calthorpe	18	Carpenter c Porter b Phillips	1
Bance b Porter b Chilhorpe	0	Bye	3
Jones b Cuithorp	0	Byes, 5; l b, 2; w b, 1	8
Cashman b Cowie	0		
Palmer c Chilhorpe b Bo'le	1	Total	126
Wells c Cowie b Phillips	17		

First Inning.	SYRACUSE.	Second Inning.	
Peirson c Jones b Morean	0	c Jones b Cashman	4
Nooker b Jones	1	c and b Bance	0
Smith b Morean	0	c Morean b Palmer	17
Smart b Morean	0	run out	1
Cowie not out	17	run out	0
Moore b Jones	0	c Bance b Cashman	6
Barker b Morean	3	c Carpenter b Bance	3
Calthorpe b Jones	1	st Bowman b Enshaw	0
Town b Jones	0	c Bance b Palmer	3
Phillips run out	0	not out	3
Porter b Cashman	6	c Jones b Bance	6
Byes	3	Wide	1
Total	27	Total	44

The next match of the St. George Club will be their game with the Montreal eleven, on the 31st, when they will need to put their best foot foremost.

MANHATTAN vs. STATEN ISLAND.

The one-day match between the first elevens of these local clubs, which was played at Hoboken on Aug. 20, resulted in the appended score. The feature of the game was the very effective fielding of the Manhattans. The success of the American baseball players in their cricket matches in England should teach our cricketers the importance of improving their fielding. This is the forte of the American eleven who are winning honors on the Halifax tourney. They have all been practicing in baseball games, and have thereby improved their fielding. The score was as follows:

MANHATTAN.		STATEN ISLAND.	
Hosford b Balfour	5	Filmer c Errington b Gilbert	0
A. J. Gilbert c Allen b Lee	19	Sleigh c A. J. Gilbert b Errington	6
Lewis b Balfour	0	Reid c Errington b Gilbert	4
Errington c Sub b Balfour	6	Lee b A. J. Gilbert	5
Greig, c Romilly b Brewster	0	Balfour b A. J. Gilbert	0
McDougal b Balfour	31	Benson, l b w b A. J. Gilbert	6
Tucker b Brewster	6	Luske c Hosford b A. J. Gilbert	7
Cammell l b w b Brewster	4	Allen b Errington	0
Heywood, run out	1	Romilly c Cammell b Mc-Dougal	15
S. J. Gilbert c G. Allen b Brewster	2	Brewster run out	22
Lonergan, not out	1	Davis b Hosford	2
Extras	16	T. Allen, not out	3
		Extras	3
Total	91	Total	67

MAYFLOWER vs. PICKWICK.

A cricket match was played by these clubs—the former of Boston and the latter of North Attleboro', Mass., at East Cambridge, Aug. 15. The Pickwicks did not have out their regular team, and were defeated by eight wickets. The score follows:

First Inning.	MAYFLOWER.	Second Inning.	
Evens l b w b Powell	6	run out	0
Watts run out	1	Dilks b Doherty	2
O'Hare b Powell	20	not out	3
Pettit b Powell	10		
Johnson b Powell	0		
Clark b Totten

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be in closed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending SEPT. 1, MONDAY, AUG. 24.

LADIES' LIST.

Alice — (song-and-dance)
Burton, Clara
Bennett, Julia
Bernard, Laura
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Bothell, Ada
Cotton, Mrs. Mary Orome, Amy
Clifton, Viola
Carle, Mrs. E.
Charles, Lottie E.
Chadwick Dram. Co. (Manager Carroll, Mrs. Louisa
Charles, Nellie (2)
Dark, Mrs. E.
Demar, Mollie (2)
Desmond, Laura
De Brent, Amy
Denike, Mattie
De Vivo, Mrs. Lon
Everett, Cora
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. J. H.
Forrest, Katie
Fox, Bertha
Flake, Marion (2)
Farnsworth, Abby
Fox, Mrs. Ida C. (2)
Gordan, Miss
Gordon, Georgie (2)
Gladstone, Mrs. Clara
Geary, Miss M.
Hazeltine, Annie E.
Hall, Minnie
Herbert, Carrie
Hardy, Madelaine
Hoskins, Mrs. Wm.
Herndon, Mrs. T. J.
Herndon, Kittie
Kent, Fannie
Lake, Emma
Leslie, Mrs. Ida
Love, Ella
Lotta (2)
Lotte, Effie
Lole & De Glorion Bros.
Lee, Vera, Ida
Luttrell, Miss L. H.
La Verde, Bella
Monzert Sisters
Morrell, Mrs. Martha
Mortimer, Maggie
Montford, Lottie
Phillips' Opera Co.
Ada
Feries, Nully
Palmer, Mrs. Kate
Parker, Susie
Pauline, La Belle
Rosa, Pattie
Rose, Mlle. (dan-seuse)
Rainford, Alice
Russell, Millie
Rosedale, Mary
Ruperie, Florence
Richards, Pauline
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
St. Audley Sisters
Snow, Ione
Saltelee, Jennie
Seamon, Mrs. Chas.
Stanley, Blanche
Scott, Mrs. M. A.
Stowe, Ella
Smith, Louise
Sweet, Mrs. Martha
Shirley, Lizzie
Starbird, Anna
Scott, Mrs. Wm.
Schoch, Angelique
Taylor, Nettie
Thompson, Lydia
Victoria, Mlle. (gro-tesque "bia")
Vivian, Mrs. Carrie
Woodruff, Mary
Washington, Annie
Warner, Augusta
Wilbert, Mrs. Alice
Wood, Annie & Fannie
Wesner, Ella
Western, Lucille
Wills Sisters
Warren, Dollie (of Warren Sist.)
Wallace, Ada
Whelan, Lizzie
Williams, Annie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Austin, Charlie (comed.)
Anderson, R. H.
Armstrong, Harry
Abecco, Sig. R.
Alastair" (3)
Adams, Grimaldi
Abbey, Mr. E.
Archer, Jno. W.
Alexander, M. G.
Arnold, W. H.
Allen, Jos. of Rob-inson's Circ.)
Angell, Frank E.
Belouin Arab
Brown, Tommy
Byron, Fred
Bosom, Jas. (2)
Brenfield, T. (musician)
Barry, Jr., Frank
Beaudrot, R. M.
Bayliss, Dr. A. W.
Booth, L. M.
Berger Family
Barber, (leaper)
Bouccicault, Dion Ike
Bassett, Harry
Brown, Harry (comedian)
"Bellringer" (3)
Byers, Wm.
Bidwell, David (manager)
Bryant, Dan
Bittle, Dickinmist.
Burrell, Lawrence P.
Blanchett, Chas. E. (2)
Bush, I. T.
Brooks, L.
Baker, Vice (of Baker & Farron)
Barnabo, Adolfe Ike
Baker & Farron, Manager of Buckley's Harry
Breban, Julien (2)
Bergan, Prof. E. S.
Conlin, Jas.
Chaplin, G. D.
Carzoni, G. A.
Costello, Geo. (with Hodges)
Coleman, J. A. (2)
Carner, J. W. (2)
Cline, Thos. R.
Cottrell, J. (bicep "biz")
Cuke, Louis E.
Clark, Geo. M.
Clark, Warren R.
Collins, Billy
Cooper, Harry
Carter, J. Heneage (2)
Chic, Jno. H. (2)
Clark, Jas. (Ethio. comed.)
Campbell, Bartley
Collin, Jas. (with Marina Wren)
Cresswell, J. C.
Cleo, Abe
Christy, E.
Dumont, Frank W.
Donaldson, Wash. H. Jr.
Dupree, Chas. H.
Derricks, Chas. (show "biz")
Dodsworth, Theo. (2)
Diamond, Nat
Davidson, A. M.
Davis, Chas. (with Shah)
J. H. Murray)
Delchanty & Heagler
Emerson, Barry
Forrester, N. C.
Fisher, Harry
Fraser, Philip
Fowler, Hy. (gymnast) (2)
France, S. C.
Fechter, Chas. Albert (2)
Fay, Jas. (with Bloodgood)
Flanagan, Bart.
Ferris, Jno.
Fling, J. F.
Frasler, G. G.
Fox & Ward
Forepaugh, Adam
Gerry, D. S.
Gulick, Joe H.
Greywlock, Gus
Griffin, H. P.
Grover, Jno. H. (with Washburn)
Gardner, Wm. H.
Gormah, Eugene F.
Goodall, J. S.
Humphrey, Jno (Dutch "biz")
Hamilton, Wiley (2)
Haight, A. (of Gt. East. Circ)
Herndon, T. J. (4)
Herne, Jas. A.
Hackett, Jno. E.
Hyams & McDonough
Hatnsell, Bob (circ. "biz")
Hasselbach, Fred
Irwin, Seiden M
Johnson, J. (Wilson & Johnson) (2)
Joel, Alfred (manager)
Jackson, Jas.
Kinnaman, Frank
Kurtz, Murtz
Kline, L.
Lyles, Eugene
Le Clair, Shed
Lalcelle Victon 10c.
Lent, Jr., L. B.
Lascells, Geo.
Lamon, J. L.
Laine, J. H. (agent)
Lanceburg, Billy
Leavitt, M. B.
Langton, F.
Lewande, Martinho 10c.
La Roy, Frank (female imp.)
Linton, Guy
"Limerick Larry" (2)
Majilton, Chas. (2)
"Minstrel Biz" (7)
Moll, Jos.
McGann, Billy (with Hibernicon)
Miles, W. J.
Manson, Wm. (circ-cus "biz")
Moore, Geo.
Morgan, C. C.
Maeder, F. G. (2)
Margenstein, Wm. Sc.
Mann, Jno. (of Queen's Circ.)
McKenzie, Archie (2)
Mason, Ned
Mason, Dan
Musician)
Madden, Billy
Murdy, Sam (Ethio. comed.)
Nosk, Jno. A.
Morris, Miles
Mackay, Jno. A.
Van Wormer, G. H.
Vincent, Chas.
Watson, Geo. W. (2) 6c.
Wells, W. (3)
Ware, Geo.
Whitney, Hy. J. 3c.
Weiss, Otto
Williams, Jno. L.
Wough, De Wit C.
Weston, Frank
Wentworth, Walter
Walballa, Edward
Ashley, Jno. Hy.
Wickham (agent) 3c.
Wall & Simmonds
Ward, Wally
White, Arthur J.
Warwick, Louis R.
Wagner, Charlie (bones)
Welch, Jas.
Watson, Ed. (of Watson Bros.) 3c.
Welling, Wm. F.
Washburn, Antonio
Wildman, Fred. J. (2)
Ward, Joe D.
Watkins, Harry
Wright, Hy. O.
Waldron, D. (2)
Wall, H.
Walley, H. (musician) (2)
X. Y. Z.
Yates, M. B. (candy "biz") 6c.
Zollo, G. (of Howe's Circ.)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Aug. 24, '74.

The week just closed was by no means favorable for indoor amusements, the temperature being oppressively warm outside, while the glare of the gaslights added to the heat in the interior of our theatres; and the result was a meagre attendance at nearly every place opened to the public thus early in the season. A noteworthy event of the week was the American debut of J. L. Toole, a comedian who has won fame and fortune in England. The debut cannot be pronounced a great success either financially or artistically, taking the entire initial week's business into consideration. It is but just to Mr. Toole to say that he was presented to our notice in a very poor piece; in a play that might have been received favorably in London and the British provinces, but that could not be very well seasoned to suit public taste here-away. The gentleman is a fair comedian, but not equal to the great expectations which had been created by the advance articles in the papers, and the criticisms of the coming man. Nevertheless, he "may be happy yet"..... An inquisitive reader wants to know whether *Stella*, in "The Enchantress," is a *star* part. And another curious person inquires whether the old slang phrase "Cork up and bust" has any connection with a collapsed minstrel troupe. These suggestions, with appropriate statements, we propose to submit to the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee..... What is Massachusetts coming to? One day last week a traveling circus, having reached Pittsfield, and finding no other vacant spot handy, pitched its tent in a cemetery, and gave entertainments amid crumbling tombstones and deserted vaults. Just fancy the boys going through their ground and lofty tumbling "down among the dead men," and the comical clown cracking his jokes where solemn funeral rites had been performed in the long ago. Were it not the cemetery of Mt. Auburn about being converted to other uses, Boston would have set up a howl that would have shaken the land from the Hub to the circumference..... "Our Jim" insists that Othello must have been a chiropodist, because he declared that his "occupation's corpse."..... There be prodigies in the family circle as well as in the professional arena, and the remarks of some of these precocious juveniles are worthy of honorable mention. A correspondent, who seems to know whereof he speaks, sends us a screed, which, in these days of backsliding and backbiting and backing, may be served up on the half shell "without calling a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious." The urchin referred to is the scion of a noble house of Thespians, whose name, for mutual protection and for prudential motives, is withheld. Says our well-informed correspondent thus: A "gentleman of this city," a "*walking* gentleman," by the way, has a fine *setter* of the female persuasion, which, a short time since, he deemed it expedient to confine to the lower regions of his domicile. The youthful heir of the family spoons was solicitous as to the welfare of the animal, and did what he could, in the way of surreptitiously-conveyed delicacies, to mitigate the severity of its confinement. The hopeful boy has a sister, married about a year since, to whom he has been in the habit of paying frequent visits. These visits had been interdicted by the parents a little while ago, and on being allowed to resume them, he found to his surprise and intense dismay that he had been deposed from his position of first favorite in *that* house, by the arrival of a baby nephew. Looking first at the new relative presented for his inspection, then at his sister, and lastly at his brother-in-law, who was watching the scene with much amusement, he said, in a tone compounded of indignation and deep disgust: "Why didn't you put *her* down cellar?"..... Now there was John Breyer, who, last season, played his little part with the Thompson troupe. We are now going to make a funny remark, which, doubtless, will "set the table on a roar." The character John played in "Bluebeard" was a *mere sham*, but *Breyer* would play it. Smoke!..... "Our Jim," owing to the extreme heat of the weather last week was all the time in a thirsty mood, and sought out his friends in places where they most do congregate. Desirous of seeing a man, and at the same time ascertaining how the thermometer stood, James entered a drinking saloon and reached the counter. He was "taken completely by surprise" on seeing a very old friend behind the bar. The following is the result of the interview, from notes furnished by our own stenographer:

OUR JIM.—Why, bellow, Batesy; is that there you? I thought yer passed in yer checks long ago.

BATESY.—No, indeed; as another great man once remarked, "I still live." How have you been, Jim? You was younger when I saw you last, and dirtier.

JIM.—The same to you. What's become of that wall-eyed son of yourn?

BATESY.—Ah! I had to send him to the House of Refuge. He was a bad 'un. But come; *lemon juice* you to take something.

JIM.—I don't care if I do. I *declare it* is a sight to see you again, Batesy.

BATESY.—That boy used to *sherry* it around with his pop, while his mother sought any *port* in a storm.

JIM.—I've often seen him *whisk his* body ought of sight for fear he'd get *branded* with your stick.

BATESY.—Drink hearty, boy. Why, he'd *sham pain* to stay away from school.

JIM.—Yes, but you made his *kids sick* when you caught him.

BATESY.—He's *Mumm* enough now, though. Why, he'd go around *sold a cigar o'* boys that would disgrace anybody. Sometimes he'd get more *cordial* —then he'd call his mother *my deary*.

JIM.—He was on it all the time, and was up to *Mo' zella* than any boy I ever knew.

BATESY.—So he was, Jim; I couldn't make out what *aled* him. He went as *porter* in a store, but he wasn't *stout* enough. I couldn't *beer* to see him work so hard.

JIM.—He was *pinerally* clever, though—I used to hear him sing "*Bourbon* around and around" most beautiful. He didn't make a *rye* face at nothin', though him and me often got to *lager* heads.

BATESY.—Have another pony, Jim. If that boy's mother tells him to do anything, just as like as not he in-*seltzer*.

JIM.—Which goes to show that he had *vichy*-ated tastes.

BATESY.—I don't deny he was fond of *kissin' gin* bottles. His mother was often beside herself with grief.

JIM.—I never thought he was as *Weiss* as he might be.

BATESY.—Not *two* Weiss. I sent him away because my motto is "*Absinthe* makes the heart grow fonder."

JIM.—Well, his sister Ella was just as bad, wasn't she?

BATESY.—I'm free to confess that I did git more *sarse per Ella* than you can think; and ——" But James had suddenly caught sight of another friend practicing at the bar, and so this spirited "interview" came to an abrupt ending.....At the Olympic, this week, you can get a peep of nights at "The Peep o' Day."..... It is respectfully suggested that Barnum should make a collection of all the real Nathan-murderers, and another of all the little Charley Rosses, and exhibit them at his mammoth hippodrome, with Tilton to lecture on them..... "A True Friend," a young man "just nineteen years old," has been bereft of his own one. She was the soubrette of a company somewhere in Ohio. *He* sold muslins and things. Being offered higher wages than she had been receiving in Ohio, she left for Kentucky; and *he* mourned his loss, as it were, and didn't measure good square yards, as the purchaser would have him do. In his moments of sadness, the young man locked himself in his room, and wrote poetry about his lost Henrietta—which was her given name. This poetry he desires us to set before the public and the object of his tender passion; but its too long, and we find ourselves compelled to omit several stanzas, much to our distress. We give as much as our space will permit, merely assuring our readers that the omitted portion is of a kind with that presented:

A COMPLIMENT.

TO MISS HENRIETTA JAMWAY, ON HER LEAVING THE CITY.

Good-by, dear, and ever-welcome Henrietta;
Your leaving forever has caused us much pain, which will be bitter.
Your absence next season will be regretted by many a friend,
And also by our enterprising manager.
Who that gentleman is, everybody in the city knows
To be a man of great activity, and a man that blows
(That is, through and by advertising).
What all theatrical managers claim to be the cause of their rising.
And now the compliment to the popular Henrietta,
The darling, the sprightly, the charming little queen;
She surpasses, in style, the champion saw-dust miss,
And if there is one your equal, then the news to you I will spread.
Good-by, good-by, my dear Henrietta,
Sorry will your many friends be if you cannot again (by them) be seen;
Indeed, in thee we have lost a valuable and worthy actress,
And that is what causes us to be in so much distress.
Good-by, good-by, dear Henrietta,
As you parted from our midst, it was indeed a sad, sad scene,
And it has pained us so much, as though you never were again to be seen.
So do not think I flatter, for all I say I mean.
Farewell, dear and ever welcome maiden,
Happy, indeed, were we when before the foolights you were seen,
And amused us so much by your drolleries (at your home) on the stage;
All we can do and wish you is success and a very old, old age.
Ah! yes indeed, such an old, old age,
Until you are compelled to abandon the stage;
Then think, with hardihood, what I am saying to you,
For you know it is from young Mathew.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Pardon me, fairest, loveliest queen,
For taking the free liberty in addressing you, as you have been;
But I assure you it comes from a much respected young man,
It is therefore I hope you will pardon me, will you, Miss Jamway?

CITY SUMMARY.

TONY PASTOR and his Combination closed their second and last week at the Olympic on Saturday, performances of Saturday, Aug. 22, and started upon a tour, the route of which we published in our past issue. The only change in the performers was the substitution of Logrenia the magician, with his school of educated birds, a cat and white mice, for Jenny and Bailey Benson, who closed Aug. 15. Logrenia and his pets found favor in the eyes of his auditors. Considerable change was made in the programme. The Ethiopian sketch of "Smoke" afforded Nelse Seymour and Billy Barry good scope to display their mirth-provoking powers, and they were ably seconded by Frank Girard and Larry Doley. Rita Brooke sang a fresh selection of serio-comic songs; the Garnella Brothers repeated their wonderful acrobatic feats; Tony Pastor sang a number of his most popular songs, introducing his album of caricatures; the Fieldings gave their musical sketch, entitled "Barney" Ella Wesner continued to elicit warm applause by her character songs and lightning changes; Gus Williams, by his Dutch eccentricities, excited much enthusiasm; Walters and Morton were advantageously seen in songs-and-dances; Billy Ashcroft proved himself an apt delineator of the peculiarities of the Irish race, in both singing and dancing; E. D. Davies and his puppets, with a fresh budget of witty sayings, kept the audience in the best of humor; and the sketches of "The Milliners" and "Tonsorial Difficulties" gave Billy Barry ample opportunity to display his comedietic powers. In the former Miss Hannah Birch appeared for the first time this season. A large business was done. On Aug. 24 the company engaged for the season commence their labors.

TOMMY AND SAMMY and HARRY D. DAWSON were the reinforcements at the Theatre Comique on Aug. 17. Mr. Ryman delivered a burlesque speech ostensibly upon "Temperance;" but managed to discuss many local topics, not forgetting "that little affair" in Brooklyn, all of which were alluded to in a humorous manner, which elicited much laughter. His remarks, pregnant with wit, were so carefully worded that none could possibly take offense. Master Martin, who performed an India-rubber song-and-dance in a skilful and agile manner during the early portion of the evening, achieved considerable success by his impersonation of an ass in the burlesque sketch of "Mungo the Ape," in which Frank Donaldson rendered valuable assistance by his performance of Sancho, a slave. Mlle. Zittella continued her serio-comic, and Kate O'Connor her Irish songs. Luke Schoolcraft evoked no little mirth by his eccentricities in Dutch songs-and-dances. Nully Feries sang a fresh selection of songs, and was frequently recalled. William Carter's vocal efforts, with his own banjo accompaniment and witty remarks interspersed, were received with their accustomed favor. J. H. Budworth sang a Dutch song and performed a jig upon a Chinese and a Japanese fiddle, and the sketches of "Obeying Orders" and "Well, Good-day" —with George Coes, Charles White, and others in the cast—filled out the bill. The attendance has been moderately good. For Aug. 24 Col. Corbett Burgess, Mattie and Hallie Holcomb, Wayne and Lovely, Miss Kitty O'Neil and R. M. Carroll and his three little sons are to appear.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, a large business was done during the expired week, the cancan continuing the chief feature. In addition thereto a pleasing variety olio was given, which included the comic pantomime of "The Seedy Clown" performed by Emile Bunaux, Leonard Roberts, Joseph Leon, James Osborn and Mlle. Elise; an act called "Slim Jim" by Charley Benedict; a double-clog by the Devere Brothers; "Old Aunt Sally" by John Manning; juggling by Harry Sheldon; serio-comic songs by Cora Cushman; J. L. Davis and his trained dogs; Lester and Allen in songs-and-dances; Lo-Lo and the De Glorion Brothers in aerial gymnastic feats, and the sketches of "The Chinese Shoemakers," "The Rival Dutchman" and "Jefferson vs. Adams," introducing Harry Hart, James E. Carton, Charles F. Seabert, Harry Clifford, Ella Stowe and Nellie Young not otherwise seen. Alicia Jourdan is announced for this week.

AT ROBINSON HALL the cancan seems to have lost none of its attractive powers, as the attendance was good during the expired week. James Roome and Dan Devere, newcomers, were so much "indisposed" on the stage on Thursday evening that the auditors manifested their disapproval by divers hisses and sounds, and at the close of their performances they were promptly discharged by the manager. A pleasing minstrel first-part was given, and the olio remained about the same as during the preceding week, the only addition being Miss Celadon Stuart, a pleasing ballad singer. The principal members of the present company and of Mlle. Delacour's Cancan Troupe will start on a tour of four weeks' duration on Aug. 31, and on that date an almost entirely new company will supply their places here.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT" was acted for the last time at Niblo's Garden on Aug. 22. The attendance during the week was encouraging, and the drama of Aiken's is announced for production on Aug. 24. Mons. Bolossy Kiralfy, Miss Julia Seaman and all the members of the Kiralfy Brothers' "Deluge" Combination arrived in this city from Europe on Aug. 23. The first performance of "Paradise Lost, or the Deluge," will be given definitely next fall. A large force of workmen have been busily engaged both night and day for some weeks past in getting the spectacle ready, and it is the intention of the management that it shall be entirely completed some days before the opening, so that proper scenic rehearsals can be had, which will prevent long delays between the acts. It is said that in the scene representing the Temple of Enoch, in the fourth act, over three hundred people will be on the stage at one time. The temple will be struck by lightning, and as the temple with groups of people sinks from view, the rushing waters of the Deluge fill its place. The entire spectacle, including the ballets and tableaux, will be produced under the personal supervision of Imre Kiralfy.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE a fair business has been done since our last report, "Bella" continuing the attraction. The representation has acquired smoothness from frequent repetition, and the various performers have elaborated the minor details of their several impersonations; and in consequence the pleasure of the auditors is correspondingly enhanced. Rumor saith that Mr. Bouciault intends rewriting the second and third acts.

THE HIGH TEMPERATURE which prevailed on Thursday and Friday evenings last diminished the attendance at all of our places of amusement in a marked degree.

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JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, W. Herbert, H. Westland and the Misses Eliza Johnstone and Agnes Michell (Mitchell) made their American debut at Wallack's theatre on Monday evening, Aug. 17, acting in the comic drama of "Wig and Gown," written expressly for Mr. Toole by James Alberry, and a comic drama in one act by Thomas Haynes Bayley, called "The Weavers," which were performed with the following cast:

CAST OF "WIG AND GOWN."

Hammond Coote	J. L. Toole
Sorbyson Siel	W. Herbert
Dr. Dallet, Q. C.	H. Westland
Mr. Justice Jones	H. A. Weaver
Edward Albert	Wellington Coote
Albert Edward Nelson Coote	Agnes Michell
James Strickett	Saidee Vivian
Fred Fairfoot	Eben Plympton
Samuel Marigold	E. M. Holland
	W. J. Leonard

CAST OF "THE WEAVERS."

Simmons	J. L. Toole
Brown	H. Westland
Dawson	C. E. Edwin
Darville	E. Plympton
James	J. F. Josepha
Adele	Minnie Bell

Mr. Toole has for many years held a high position upon the English stage, and, in point of popularity, might be classed at the head of his profession there, at the present time. It is very difficult to decide upon the absolute merits of a comic actor upon witnessing his performance of only one or two characters. Rarely ever does a low or eccentric comedian immediately impress his auditorium. An acquaintance, so to speak, must be formed between them; therefore, some little time must elapse ere the audiences become familiar with the idiosyncracies of the actor's style, or ere he can mold his creations to suit the local taste. Proofs of this assertion are abundant. The late William E. Burton acted a long time in this city ere he became a popular favorite; and when Jack Reeve, a celebrated English comedian (whom it was claimed Mr. Burton closely imitated), made his first appearance here he failed completely, and was denounced as an imitator of Mr. Burton. When William Warren, Boston's favorite comedian, first appeared at the Boston Museum, to succeed the late C. W. Hunt—who had been a great favorite there for many years—he was coldly received, and he acted there many weeks before the audiences warmed towards him. Other instances are numerous, but we need not recite them here. In the opening drama of "Wig and Gown" Mr. Toole failed to create a favorable impression, and this we think was owing, first, to the drama, which is weak in construction, improbable in incident, and which is filled with illustrations of the habits and customs of English life as are totally unfamiliar to the majority of the American people; secondly, too much was expected of him in consequence of the reputation which had preceded him during the past few years. If Mr. Toole were to make his debut before a London audience in this piece, there is no doubt if he would achieve success. After a comedian has thoroughly established his position as a first-class actor and a local favorite, he may, successfully, act a character that is not exactly fitted to display his abilities at their best, and in such a case, indeed the audience will meet him more than half-way, and the entire company have satisfied the public of their superiority, and it is no wonder that they respond with numerous encores.

MLLE. MARIE ZOE "the Cuban Sylph," the well-known actress who has been before the public for some years, has been confounded with a Mlle. Zoe, a variety performer, who, it is alleged, was arrested recently in Chicago, Ill., for bigamy. Mlle. Marie Zoe, whose residence is at Hempstead, L. I., inserts a card in our advertising columns requesting managers, professionals, and her personal friends not to confound her with the person above referred to, and she deems this course necessary owing to the wide celebrity which she has gained through the columns of the public press. Many of the newspapers which published the original version of the arrest, etc., have since contradicted it.

REHEARSAL.—The ladies and gentlemen constituting the Herndon Opera-house company are requested to assemble at Guelph, Canada, as per card.

E. T. STETSON and company occupied the Opera-house, Toledo, O., Aug. 18, 19, playing to full houses. The company is good, and gave general satisfaction. E. C. McCall as Curtis Pumkin, and E. L. Marble as Simon Pumkin, were excellent. Miss Marian Somers, Dolly Bidwell; Miss Estelle Potter, Katy Wilson; M. Snyder and E. L. Mortimer were all good, their acting in general being very natural. They went to Detroit for 20, 21, 22. Advices dated Aug. 20.

JOHN A. STEVENS is to commence an engagement at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, on Sept. 14, when he will produce Philip Stoner's drama of "Robert of Woodleigh," hitherto acted by Miss Lizzie Safford.

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN were dull last week, the hot spell proving damaging to all of the places open. Lillie Eldridge was at the Brooklyn Theatre, playing in "Aline Varye," "Alma," and "Romeo and Juliet." The regular season under Mrs. Conway's management does not commence until Sept. 28, but Mrs. Lander opens at the Brooklyn on the 31st in "The School for Scandal." The same night E. Lamb begins his first season as manager of the New Park Theatre, opening with Tom Taylor's "Babes in the Wood." Griffin and J. Z. Little also open Hooley's Opera-house for the season the same night, giving Little's play of "The Workingmen of Brooklyn."

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, C. W., commences its inaugural dramatic season on or about Sept. 14, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged will be notified through our next issue of the date of rehearsal. Read the card.

FRANK BOSWORTH has been engaged as stage-manager of the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O.

A PRELIMINARY SEASON was commenced at the Union-square Theatre on Wednesday evening, Aug. 19, with Miss Charlotte Thompson as the chief attraction, who acted in "Jane Eyre," which was cast as follows:

Jane Eyre	Charlotte Thompson
Lady Georgina	Maud Granger
Bessie	Kate Holland
Adele	Laura Thorpe
Lady Clawdon	Miss Raymond
Mr. Brocklehurst	A. D. Bradley
Jacob	H. W. Montgomery
Rev. St. John	H. A. Weaver
Mr. Rochester	Frederic Robinson

The same play was performed at this theatre during the Summer of 1873. Miss Thompson's impersonation of the heroine was natural and forcible, and in appearance and manner was a faithful reproduction of Miss Bronte's creation. Mr. Robinson was equally successful in his impersonation of the brusque and passionate Rochester. W. H. Montgomery as the cockney servant Jacob created a deal of mirth. The foppish Frederic Lynn received good treatment at the hands of Claude Burroughs. Master Willie Seymour was quite effective as John Reid. Miss Fanny Morant, who made her first appearance at this theatre, gave a thoroughly enjoyable impersonation of Mrs. Reid. Mrs. Marie Wilkins was well adapted to the character of the old housekeeper, Mrs. Fairfax; and Maude Granger portrayed Lady Georgina with dignity. Little Laura Thorpe deserves praise for her correct acting of Adele, and the remainder of the cast was quite satisfactory. The business has been good, and "Jane Eyre" will continue its attraction. The regular season will commence on Sept. 14 with "The Sphinx," with Miss Clara Morris in the chief character.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS open for the season on Aug. 31.

ARRIVED FROM EUROPE.—George Fawcett Rowe, in the steamship City of Chester on Aug. 22; W. Henry Rice, Bolossy Kiralfy and wife, Miss Julia Seaman and other members of the Kiralfy Brothers' "Deluge" Combination, in the steamship Egypt on the same date.

SIMMONDS & WALL, dramatic agents, 609 Broadway, whose card find elsewhere, want to engage dansenses, acrybpes and variety specialities.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are to dedicate their new opera-house on Aug. 31.

DELEHANTY AND HENSLER'S write us from London, Eng., under date of Aug. 11, that they contemplate arriving in New York on or about Sept. 14, with numerous novelties for the coming season.

J. K. EMMET will leave England for America on Sept. 10. In speaking of his engagement in that town, *The Liverpool Post* says:

To-night Mr. J. K. Emmet takes a benefit at the Alexandra Theatre, and to-morrow evening concludes an engagement which has been of a most unprecedented character. Each night a popular comedian has appeared, and his appearance the house has been filled in every available corner, and it has been no uncommon sight during the past fortnight to see large numbers leaving the theatre before the performance has commenced, unable to obtain admission. Such continuously overflowing audiences, especially in a summer season, had rarely been known, and this fact must be gratifying to the gentleman who has so thoroughly ingratiated himself into the good graces of the Liverpool people. We notice that during the week Mr. Emmet has introduced a number of new characteristics into the version of Fritz he is now playing at the Alexandra, which are remarkable alike for the exquisite melody with which they are rendered, and the pathos and real sentiments they express. Mr. Emmet's versatility, untinged as it is by the slightest vulgarity, has been the theme of conversation among theatre-goers all the week.

DRAMATIC.

To Our Correspondents.

All persons holding our cards authorizing them to act as our correspondents are respectfully requested to return them to this office, for renewal, as cards of a different description will be issued bearing date of Sept. 1. Applicants for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

G. L. FOX'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" COMPANY have been playing to big business at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., since Aug. 17, despite the excessively hot weather, wrote our correspondent on Aug. 17, adding: "The pantomime is somewhat curtailed, in order to allow the specialty artists time. The Orrin Brothers, whose feats in the air are truly wonderful and graceful, appeared in the early portion of the evening, were frequent and continued. Mr. Toole is a little below medium height, has a mobile and expressive face, and speaks at times with a broad English accent. We would prefer to see him in other characters before giving further expression as to his merits as an actor. He undoubtedly has the possession of ability for the portrayal of senile age, and his impersonation of Sorbyson Siel was highly commendable, being marked by suavity of manner and gentlemanly deportment, and in the last act, where he assumes the character of a Frenchman, he was quite successful. His delivery of the French language has a good appearance, reads intelligently, and, barring a slight lisp only noticeable at times, may be pronounced a fair actor. Miss Eliza Johnstone gave a creditable impersonation of Mrs. Coote. Agnes Michell (?) played Edward Albert with considerable spirit and vivacity, but made the disagreeable traits of his character rather too prominent. None of these artists are any better than can be found in any of our stock companies throughout the country. Little Saidee Vivian deserves much credit for the very long and difficult part of Albert Edward Coote, and was pronounced as an imitator of Mr. Burton. When William Warren, Boston's favorite comedian, first appeared at the Boston Museum, to succeed the late C. W. Hunt—who had been a great favorite there for many years—he was coldly received, and he acted there many weeks before the audiences warmed towards him. Other instances are numerous, but we need not recite them here. In the opening drama of "Wig and Gown" Mr. Toole failed to create a favorable impression, and this we think was owing, first, to the drama, which is weak in construction, improbable in incident, and which is filled with illustrations of the habits and customs of English life as are totally unfamiliar to the majority of the American people; secondly, too much was expected of him in consequence of the reputation which had preceded him during the past few years. If Mr. Toole were to make his debut before a London audience in this piece, there is no doubt if he would achieve success. After a comedian has thoroughly established his position as a first-class actor and a local favorite, he may, successfully, act a character that is not exactly fitted to display his abilities at their best, and in such a case, indeed the audience will meet him more than half-way, and the entire company have satisfied the public of their superiority, and it is no wonder that they respond with numerous encores.

Analogous to this subject, it may be mentioned that William Warren has acted quite frequently and with great success, during several years, a character called Jefferson Scattering Salkins, in a drama local to Boston, and written by Dr. J. S. Jones, entitled "The Silver Spoon;" and yet, if he were to debut in New York (where he is a stranger, professionally speaking, and to the general audiences entirely unknown), he would, in all probability, make a dire failure, although he is one of the best comedians that grace the American stage. In the drama Mr. Toole was seen at the best in the court scene in the second act; but here he labored under the disadvantages of the difference between English and American courts, and the fact that he is not pointedly quick to the thoroughly appreciated those who had received a legal education, or were at least familiar with the manner in which business is conducted in our courts. In the afterpiece of "The Weavers" he was seen to much better advantage. Laughter and other expressions of approbation, which were so lacking during the early portion of the evening, were frequent and continued. Mr. Toole is a little below medium height, has a mobile and expressive face, and speaks at times with a broad English accent. We would prefer to see him in other characters before giving further expression as to his merits as an actor. He undoubtedly has the possession of ability for the portrayal of senile age, and his impersonation of Sorbyson Siel was highly commendable, being marked by suavity of manner and gentlemanly deportment, and in the last act, where he assumes the character of a Frenchman, he was quite successful. His delivery of the French language has a good appearance, reads intelligently, and, barring a slight lisp only noticeable at times, may be pronounced a fair actor. Miss Eliza Johnstone gave a creditable impersonation of Mrs. Coote. Agnes Michell (?) played Edward Albert with considerable spirit and vivacity, but made the disagreeable traits of his character rather too prominent. None of these artists are any better than can be found in any of our stock companies throughout the country. Little Saidee Vivian deserves much credit for the very long and difficult part of Albert Edward Coote, and was pronounced as an imitator of Mr. Burton. When William Warren, Boston's favorite comedian, first appeared at the Boston Museum, to succeed the late C. W. Hunt—who had been a great favorite there for many years—he was coldly received, and he acted there many weeks before the audiences warmed towards him. Other instances are numerous, but we need not recite them here. In the opening drama of "Wig and Gown" Mr. Toole failed to create a favorable impression, and this we think was owing, first, to the drama, which is weak in construction, improbable in incident, and which is filled with illustrations of the habits and customs of English life as are totally unfamiliar to the majority of the American people; secondly, too much was expected of him in consequence of the reputation which had preceded him during the past few years. If Mr. Toole were to make his debut before a London audience in this piece, there is no doubt if he would achieve success. After a comedian has thoroughly established his position as a first-class actor and a local favorite,

Requa, balladist; Lottie Antonio, dancer; Billy Courtright and Charley Lord, Ethiopian comedians; J. P. Hill, aerial gymnast; H. Cooke, vocalist; and Mlle. Delacour's fantasmy dancers, including Cora Teste, Rosetta de Guerra, Annie Lorette, Mlnl La Nort and Elise Charlton. M. B. Leavitt will be the general superintendent; J. P. Reynolds, business manager; and H. E. Manchester, agent.

LO-LO AND THE DE GELLOW BROS., gymnasts, etc., by their advertisement in another part of this issue, call the attention of managers to their success at the Metropolitan Theatre, this city.

TILLIE RUSSELL, who can be addressed through Frank Howe, as per card elsewhere, will be at liberty after Sept. 17 to accept engagements for the performance of her specialty of "The Magic Chinese Barrel Mystery."

JOHN H. EMERSON, specialty artist, can be addressed as per advertisement.

FLAHERTY'S MIRROR OF IRELAND and Bryan O'Lynn's Comedy and Specialty Company, as reorganized for the season of 1874-5, will be composed of the following artists: Bryan O'Lynn, J. McVicker, Prof. Bristow, Wm. Sully, Harry C. Rieley, Kitty Stanley and R. E. Rieley, Chas. H. Hicks, business manager, and W. E. Stanley, general agent. See opinions of the press, etc., in another column.

THE MINNIE LODER VARIETY COMPANY, says a correspondent, "played at the Petrolia, Pa., Opera-house three nights, commencing Aug. 17, to good houses, and three nights at Millerstown, commencing the 20th, with immense success. The company gave satisfaction in their several specialties, and Miss Loder was repeatedly encored. The troupe consists of Misses Minnie Loder, Lizzie Conway, Carrie Avery and Messrs. Dixon, Griffin and Rice. Porter, Revell and twelve others, with full orchestra and brass band."

AFTER A SHORT RECESS, the Rink, Fort Wayne, Ind., was reopened on Aug. 15 to good biz. The following comprise the company: The Richmond Sisters, Jos. Gordon, Chas. Gilmore, Walt and Devere, Bob Stanley, Emerson and Clark, Baby Murray, James Holley, Robert White, Miss Eva Whitney and Fountaine and Barteaux. Admiral Yale is now stage-manager, H. J. Riblet ceasing connection with the Rink. Some dissatisfaction was created by Mr. Riblet, but from now all engagements will be made binding by the proprietor, Mr. J. Strasser.

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., was opened for the Fall and Winter season on Aug. 17, under the new management of Messrs. Wharfe & Lipman, who for several years have been connected with the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind. The opening company was selected with care, and is both large and strong. Chas. O. White is acting as director of amusements, and under his management everything is moving like clock-work. In the first part Miss Mande Lewis, Mlle. Henrietta and Kate Morrose sang a selection of songs, and Ben Gilfoil and Tom Warfield proved efficient end-men. A jig by Hugh McNany commenced the olio, followed by several popular songs by Miss Lillian Howard. Ben Gilfoil's "Sally, Bless my Soul," came next, and was in turn followed by the Irish songs of Tom Murray. Miss Carrie Bunnell's budget of songs was succeeded by Alice Le Favre and Lyman Laiscell in their trapeze act, and a comic interlude entitled "A Slippery Day." Miss Maude Lewis in pleasing melodies, the roller skating of W. R. Goodall, several songs by Kate Montrose, songs-and-dances by Mlle. Henrietta, the character portraitures of Blanche Selwyn, and the laughable farce "The Mystery," concluded the very enjoyable entertainment. No departures this week, and Miss Kate Harvey, Nellie Clark, and the Lawrence Troupe are to appear on Aug. 24. Advices dated Aug. 20.

R. D. GRAYBURN, who advertises, wants to engage a young lady and a little girl as partners for gymnastic business.

AT LEE OPERA-HOUSE, St. John, N. B., the company the past week included Ned Mason, formerly manager of Mason's Combination, Guy Linton, Niles and Evans, Harry Thorne, the Misses Lucy Adams and Minnie Fox, Pete Lee, Harry Hastings and Harry Thorne, stage-manager; H. Sheldon, scenic artist; George B. Olney, leader of the orchestra; R. Gillespie, treasurer; and G. Bentley, machinist.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted for the Alhambra Music Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. See advertisement.

A LADY PIANIST and a programme agent are wanted. See "A's" card in another column.

GEO. E. EVERETT, who does an act with bottles and stools, advertises for an engagement with a variety company.

TWO NEGRO COMEDIANS, variety artists and sensational stars, with dramas, are wanted for the Theatre, formerly Concert Theatre, this city. See advertisement.

CORA CUSHMAN, serio-comic vocalist, inserts a card in our business columns, calling the attention of managers to her success at the Metropolitan Theatre, this city. She has a fine wardrobe, and can be addressed in care of this office.

A DITTY is renowned as wanted at the Centennial Varieties, Williamsport, Pa. The season commences Oct. 5. See Chas. L. Munroe's card.

AT THE AMERICAN GARDEN THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., the fresh appearances on Aug. 17 were Little Tom Harper, a musical prodigy only 8 years of age; Mlle. Allie, vocalist; and Lester and Lang, song-and-dance. Tom Harper the one-legged song-and-dance performer, and Little Tom Harper, are to close Aug. 29, going to the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

COTTON AND BIRDUS, songs-and-dance artists, close their engagement at Auburn's show on Sept. 1. They advertise their first open date as Sept. 28, and have a new song-and-dance, entitled "Ramsay Jim."

THE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., opened on Aug. 17, to an overcrowded auditorium, and many were turned away. O. W. Blake & Co. are the proprietors; O. W. Blake, business manager; Joe Childs, stage manager; Joe Nunan, leader of orchestra. The entertainment opened with a minstrel first-part, with Joe A. Gulick as interrogator; John De Angelis, bones; John McVeigh, tambo. The olio opened with O. W. Blake and wife in a farce called "Acting on the Brain." They were both received with enthusiasm, being old-time favorites. Joe Childs in clog exercises was heartily welcomed. Mlle. La Fount, in serio-comic songs, looked very pretty, and received much applause. "Take Care" (original), by Johnny McVeigh, was quite funny; electric changes, by Little Sallie Angelis, were very quickly and beautifully executed, and showed much practice. A comic act by John De Angelis, Childs, and J. F. De Angelis, was laughable. Joe A. Gulick in his original songs was as great a favorite as ever. Miss Laura Hughey in songs was pleasing. Little Sallie and J. T. De Angelis in the pretty change-act called "Every Night at Half-past Eight" were encored a number of times. Cincinnatus in songs-and-dances was greeted warmly, as of old; a negro act by McVeigh and Gulick, an overture by the orchestra, and an afterpiece called "The Coopers," concluded the first entertainment given under the new management. Joe Childs lost an elegant diamond pin, at White's Hall, a short time ago. Joe Childs closes on Aug. 29, and opens in Cincinnati 24 at the National. Kirk and Drew, who have been in the city for some time past, open in St. Louis, Sunday, Aug. 30, at Deagle's for four weeks, then Sinn's, Baltimore, Sept. 14, for four weeks. Harry Wilkinson opens here 24. Flora McDonald, Johnny Reese, Mlle. West, and Emmerson and Clarke open Aug. 31. Advices dated Aug. 20.

CHAS. BOYD, song-and-dance artist, notifies managers and others that at the conclusion of his engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, this city, he will join the "Happy" Cal Wagner Minstrel troupe. Read his card elsewhere.

BUSINESS CONTINUES BIG at the Germania Hall Varieties, Scranton, Pa. Charles Vincent and Annie Arnett opened on Aug. 17. In his negro specialties Vincent is a great favorite. Harry Fox and Annie Rochfort, who were to have opened in Balt more on Aug. 24, intend remaining in Scranton. Mr. Fox talking the stage-management. Mlle. Cerito closed on Aug. 22, going to Buffalo. Mlle. Bertha in her statues and Dutch specialties opens on Aug. 24.

HARRY BLOODGOOD'S COMIQUE ALLIANCE, under Alex. Calhoun, played to crowded houses at the Providence, R. I., Opera-house Aug. 17, 18, 19. The entertainment was first-class. The principal honors were divided between Bloodgood, Baby Benson and the Wilson Brothers. Advices dated Aug. 23.

CHARLES MATHEWS, gymnast, is in St. Louis, temporarily.

T. C. NOXON, scenic artist, and P. J. Toomy have returned to St. Louis, Mo., and are now engaged in putting the finishing touches on the Theatre Comique.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the Jefferson Opera-house, formerly Broom's Varieties, Memphis, Tenn., which opens on Sept. 5. See Frank Steele's card.

MLLE. RUSSELLIE and John Martz, gymnasts, who can be addressed care of this office, will be at liberty about Nov. 1.

MANAGERS desirous of engaging the services of Carrie Woods, soubrette, and serio-comic vocalist are referred to her advertisement in another column.

MANAGERS desirous of engaging a contortionist, trapezist, etc., can communicate with Alfred Milliner, as per advertisement.

DESPITE THE NUMEROUS other attractions in the city at present, the attendance at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., has been quite good. There were no new appearances on Aug. 17, but the programme presented by the old faces was as good as usual. The departures on Aug. 22 were Miss Emma Minnette, to Washington; Joe and Annie Mack, to Norfolk; Miss Della Gonzales, to St. Louis; Fannie Florence and Fred D. Harris. On Aug. 24, Whitney and Sanders, Mollie Russell, Nellie Germou and Mollie Mayfield are to appear. Fred D. Harris, Fannie Florence and Lou Edwards are engaged to open at the following places: Theatre Comique, Richmond, Aug. 29; Opera-house, Dayton, O., Sept. 28; Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 12; Louisville, Ky., Nov. 9; National Theatre, Cincinnati, Nov. 23, and Odeon, Baltimore, Dec. 7. An infant child of Geo. L. Hall, formerly stage-manager of the Odeon, died Aug. 14, and was buried 16. The funeral was attended by many members of the profession of this city and Washington. Advices dated Aug. 22.

EDWARD WALLA WAU, change artist and dancer, whose address first elsewhere, wants an engagement.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., W. W. Putnam, proprietor and manager, having undergone thorough repairing, will reopen August 29. Fannie Florence, Emma Minetta, Louie Edwards, Mlle. Carolista, and Messrs. Wattell and Kimble, Tommy Morris and Harry Woodson have been engaged so far.

MRS. WARREN BORDWELL died Aug. 21, after a lingering illness, at her residence, 213 Catherine street, Detroit, Mich. She was born in New York in 1832, and when quite young adopted the stage as her profession, following it faithfully until her decease. She has long been a resident there, and was endeared to a large circle of acquaintances who will mourn their loss, although her disease, consumption, had prepared them for the shock. She was buried on Aug. 23. Mr. Bordwell has the sympathy of his very many friends in this sad bereavement.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF the non-completion of the improvements, Col. T. Allston Brown announces in our advertising department that the Buffalo, N. Y., Adelphi will not be opened until Sept. 7.

THE FIVE RAMOS, hat-spinners, aged respectively 4 and 6 years, and Joe Jo-Jo, harlequin and pantaloon, are at liberty and can be engaged by addressing Joe. Jo-Jo, as per card.

ALA, gymnast, opens at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Aug. 31, and can be engaged as per card.

BENSLEY, gymnast, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE HARRISBURG, Pa., THEATRE, will open on Sept. 1, under the management of J. L. Merchant. Good talent is wanted; also, six ladies to assist at the opening and a leader of orchestra.

TALENT is wanted for Tivoli Theatre, this city, and the proprietor, Paul Falk, on behalf of Maggie Clair, issues a challenge to lady gymnasts, which will be found in another column.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Denver, Col., Ophelia Starr, J. M. Martin, O. B. Brace, James Hall, Young Leo, George Summerfield, Ettie Tudor, Jennie Logan, Mlle. Aubrey and Lewis Parker were performing the past week.

KITTIE SHARP was married on Aug. 18 to Edwin Fritz, of Cassim and Fritz, gymnasts, now with the New York Circus.

THE OLYMPIC, New Haven, Ct., will open on Aug. 31, and a list of the company will be found in our advertising department.

J. M. KINNEY opened the Atlantic Concert Garden, Columbus, O., on Aug. 18.

LYNN LOCK'S New York Sensation and Pantomime Troupe, M. C. Brady, agent, will take the road Aug. 31.

VICTORIA HOWARD, a well-known serio-comic vocalist, died of consumption at the Sisters of Charity Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 14, after a protracted illness. Deceased was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1841, but came to this country in 1862. Her maiden name was Kate McCallum. She had been married several years to a Mr. Smith, whom she survived. She has sung in all the principal cities of the Union and the Canadas, and a few years since was considered a valuable acquisition to any company; but disease had enfeebled her voice of late, and she reluctantly abandoned the stage. Her last engagement was at the Canterbury Varieties, in Buffalo, last March, at the conclusion of which, she entered the hospital, leaving it but once (from the 3d to the 6th of July), and then returning to die there. She leaves an adopted child—a boy—six years of age. Her funeral, on the 16th, was attended by a large number of professionals, and her remains were interred at Limestone Hill Cemetery. Great credit is due Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker, Mr. Charles Worley and Manager Shelby and company, for their kindness and attention in the last days of the deceased, and for their liberality in contributing toward the funeral expenses. The child will be provided for by Father MacEvoy of the Lying-in hospital.

JOHN H. WEED, who has just arrived at Philadelphia, Pa., from England, has brought over a company which includes Mons. and Mme. D. Omer, swordsman and female boxer respectively, and Mons. Elviro, trapeze performer. They are shortly to appear at the Grand Central Theatre in that city.

CHARLES HOWARD, the Bennettis—Frank and Eva—and the Brandt Sisters made their first appearances this season at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 17. Mr. Howard appeared in his sketch of "Uncle Eph's Dream of Home." Miss Eva Bennett appeared to advantage as a vocalist, being the possessor of a pleasing face, a shapely form, and a fairly good voice. She and Frank, later in the evening, gave their specialty of "The Coquetry," and created a good impression. As lady song-and-dance artistes, the Brandt Sisters are quite clever. Harris and Carroll, in their musical sketch of "Through by Rail," were amusing, and Harry Kernell, George Thatcher, James Sheeran, Master Ocie, G. W. Herman, H. W. Williams and Miss Lizzie Thatcher were enjoyable in their several specialities. The entertainment closed with the local drama of "Kidnapped, or the Cellars of Pittsburg," with Miss Lucy Clifton in the leading female role. The benefit on the 17th for the sufferers by the late flood attracted a moderate audience. The one-encore system is being rigidly enforced by Stage-manager Williams, to the evident satisfaction of the intelligent auditors and good performers. The walls of the lobby have been decorated with the pictures of eminent persons in the dramatic and variety professions. Harris and Carroll have been re-engaged for another week, and open at the Metropolitan, New York City, on Aug. 31. Geo. Thatcher, Miss Lizzie Thatcher and Young Ocie will be the departures, their engagements expiring on the 22d inst. ..... The Olympic Theatre reopens for the Fall and Winter season on August 22, with the following company: The Bence Brothers, Miss Lillie May, Hooley and Thompson, Miss May Howard, James Wheeler, Miss Minnie Hassan, Happy Dave McCoy, Annie and Andy Hughes, Burt Hassan, and the Deven Sisters. Lessee and manager, M. Hassan; stage-manager, Dave McCoy; business manager, E. A. Bolland; and musical director, Prof. Obenhauser. Advices dated Aug. 21.

MORTIMER'S GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, will reopen for the season on Saturday evening, Aug. 29. The auditorium has been repainted and frescoed, the stage supplied with new scenery and a new drop-curtain, by W. J. Fetzer. The saloon will be splendidly carpeted, and provided with a fine circular bar. A number of imported and native artists will appear, including several English dancers, who will be added to the ballet. The overtures in future will be given by a brass band, which, with the orchestra, will be under the direction of Mr. Philip Bimmerschied.

J. C. MURPHY, Chas. Young and Miss Lillie Linden appeared at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Aug. 17. Good business and an enjoyable entertainment were the order of the evening. The departures on Aug. 22 were Pensley and Hughes and Miss Lea, to Mitchell's, St. Louis; Fred and Emily Lamb, to Metropolitan, Indianapolis; and Tommy Neil, to Theatre Comique, Toledo. Those announced for the 24th are Nellie Edwards, Ella Sheldon, Little Dot, Abbie Farnsworth, Green and Sadler, E. H. Doud and Lizzie Brooks. The two latter are trapeze performers, this being their first visit in the professional world; they voluntereed to appear at the benefit of Mr. Joe A. Gulick on Aug. 14, and met with flattering success.

SARONY, character vocalist, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged.

NICOLO NORTON, juggler, who recently performed at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., is thus spoken of by the Chicago and Detroit, Mich., press:

Nicolo Norton the juggler is an excellent feature, and deserves all the encomiums already bestowed upon him. His act is new, novel and marvelous.—*Chicago Tribune*, July 24, 1874.

The new Theatre Comique company gave its initial performance at the Opera-house, last evening, to a crowded house. Among the features of the performance were the juggling feats of Nicolo Norton, which really deserved the rounds of applause they drew out.—*Detroit Post*, Aug 18.

Nicolo Norton, one of the most original and skillful jugglers on the stage, introduced several new features, the successful performance of which elicited frequent and long-continued applause. He has been devoting the Summer vacation to hard work, the value of which is seen by the skill and quickness of eye and hand which he has acquired, throwing all of his previous efforts quite in the background.—*Detroit Free Press*, Aug. 18.

FRED F. LEVANTINE, magic-barrel, crystal-pyramid and horizontal-bar performer, and Robert Dailey, gymnast, advertise that they can be engaged. A Southern paper thus speaks of their performances:

The performance of Fred F. Levantine was both chaste and beautiful, displaying a thoroughness of training truly wonderful. Mr. L. is the finest exponent of physical culture and muscular development we have ever seen—in fact, the nearest approach to our ideal of athletic symmetry and grace. His beautiful act with the barrel was received with tremendous applause. Like a thing instinct with life, he whirled and danced seemingly obedient to the merest of the orchestra. The crowning attraction of the evening's entertainment, however, was his extraordinary feats upon the bottom. Although never having been seen in this section of the country before, all appreciated the nerve, strength and precision necessary to the act, as was manifested by the hush that pervaded the thronged houses throughout this wonderful feat. His matchless posturing upon a slender pyramid of glass was a picture, still the theme of comment among our townspeople. Mr. Robert Dailey in his comical gymnastics was a most valuable auxiliary to Mr. L. in his excellent performance on the horizontal bar.

THE BELMONTS—Lottie and Charles—gymnasts, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged for the Fall and Winter season. The Southern press speaks of them as follows:

Mlle. Lotino Belmont, assisted by her brother Charles, performed on the trapeze some of the most difficult and perilous feats, with ease and graceful precision. We do not think that she is excelled by any lady performer, not even excepting Mlle. Sanyeah, or the Flying Fairy.—*Atlanta Sun.*

The trapeze performances of the wonderful Belmonts—Mlle. Lotino and Charles Belmont, brother and sister—were marvelous for skill, grace and intrepid daring, and called forth the loudest applause from the astonished spectators. Lotino, we are forced to say, has an equal in this country. She is gifted, graceful, daring and beautiful.—*Nashville Union and American.*

The really terrific trapeze revolutions of the wonderful Belmonts surpass anything of the kind ever before seen in Chattanooga. Miss Lotino is a consummation of grace, beauty, intrepidity and strength, astonishing to behold, and a most perfect exponent of physical culture.—*Chattanooga Times.*

Special mention should be made of the female trapezist, whose exhibition of muscle and activity were astonishing.—*Knoxville Chronicle.*

The calisthenic performance showed great talent and skill, especially the acting of Mlle. Lotino Belmont.—*Atlanta Sunday Times.*

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are to perform at St. Paul, Minn., during the Fair week commencing Sept. 7.

MANAGER AIMES of the Grand Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., telegraphs from New York that he has engaged all the people he wants for his minstrel company. The engagement of Billy Manning and Messrs. Kelly and Leon was effected here. The work of remodeling under supervision of Wallace Hume is fast approaching completion, and if Mr. Aimes does not make a snug thing of his new place it will be his own fault.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS did well last week at Hooley's, Brooklyn, but did not draw the crowds they did their first week.

CHARLES B. HICKS is to start a minstrel party on the road early in September, which will be called "The King Lamplunkers."

E. P. SMITH, tenor vocalist, joined Callender's Georgia Minstrels at Elmira, N. Y., on Aug. 24.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS will be at Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 27, 28, Troy 29, Poughkeepsie 31, Newburg, Sept. 1. An E and B flat cornet player is advertised for.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY, Philadelphia, open their regular season on August 31. Simmons & Slocum also begin operations on the same date.

S. S. SANFORD'S OLD-TIME MINSTRELS are announced to appear at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 24, to continue one week.

HARRY STANWOOD is stalldaing in Cobourg, Ont.

FRED WILSON, general comedian, is in St. Louis. He anticipates an engagement in that city.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., have been playing to good business during the past week. Leon and Kelly continue to be the stars. James S. Stewart had a benefit Aug. 22.

DE HAGUE'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS are to perform at Jacksonville, Ill., Aug. 26, 27, thence to Springfield, Decatur and Terre Haute, Ind.

CALLENDEN'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are billed for Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 24, Rochester 25, Lockport 26, London, Ont., 27, Detroit, Mich., 28, Jackson 29.

WASH. NORTON is slowly recovering from his recent accident at Denver, Col. One of the small bones of his ankle will have to be removed.

BEN BACON, comedian and general performer, joins Cal Wagner's Minstrels. In a card elsewhere he returns thanks to the citizens of Niles, Mich., for their courtesy to him during the past Summer.

CALLENDEN'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS have just terminated an engagement of two weeks in Brooklyn, N. Y., which is said to have been one of the most successful ever played in that city. *The Brooklyn Argus* says:

Another overflowing house greeted the Georgias last night. The company is increasing in popularity each evening. Their mirth provoking performances are among the very best of their kind, and their success recalled the memories of old times, when immense audiences nightly filled the house to overflowing. The company has no peer in their unique and distinctive line, and the opportunity for witnessing such a thoroughly genuine Ethiopian entertainment will be enjoyed.

A better company of artists has not visited Brooklyn for a long time. The fun is harmless and continuous. From first to last all are absorbed in admiration, and the success of the troupe is no less unequivocal than deserved. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The eccentricities of these colored comedians are inexpressibly enjoyable. The humor is natural and spontaneous, having neither the color of imitation nor forced merriment. The audience was very large, and the applause loud, continued, and deserved.—*The Brooklyn Union.*

The famous Georgia Minstrels gave an unequaled Ethiopian entertainment in Brooklyn last night, whose excellence served even to draw patrons from New York. The charm of their entertainment consists in the distinctly natural character of their performances, and the great success which has attended their engagements is no less a testimonial to their merit than to their excellent management.—*Daily Graphic*, New York.

The company leaves New York reorganized, and with an increased number of artists.

CIRCUSES.

MARIE ELISE—known to the profession and public by that name—the wife of Benjamin R. Maginley, circus manager and proprietor, died at her late residence, Westchester, N. Y., on Aug. 18, about 4 o'clock P. M., aged 29 years 9 months and 6 days. In the Spring of this year, while at Frankford, Pa., preparing for the traveling season, she took a severe cold, and notwithstanding the kind nursing of her friends, and devoted attention of her husband, who procured the best of medical attendance, she found that she was becoming the victim of that dreadful disease, consumption. The suffering she endured — although striving to maintain the happy disposition for which she was so much loved—filled the hearts of the dear ones around her with anguish, since they were conscious that human aid would avail naught. Her accomplishments as a rider in the arena, and the grace she possessed, won many admirers, and gave her a place among the first in her profession; and her many virtues, combined with a sympathetic nature, secured the high esteem of her associates and the sincere respect of all. Words cannot express the devotion manifested by a wife and mother, nor, for love she bore, President yet generous, kind yet just, she so wound her noble self around the hearts of her dear ones that the severance of those holy ties has caused a sorrow which time cannot lessen, nor varied scenes of life eradicate. Truly can it be said the profession has lost a brilliant star, the public an admired equestrienne, her friends a sincere and noble companion. Whilst her little innocent girl looks in vain for the indulgent mother, the husband, with his honest nature, will seek for consolation, and be only happy, if happiness can again come to him, when he listens to the recital of the many virtues of the departed one, now resting under the green sod, in the little churchyard at Westchester.

DURING THE STREET PROCESSION of "Old" John Robinson's Circus at Richmond, Ind., on Aug. 21, a South American tapir in the menagerie gave birth to a tapir.

G. G. GRADY inserts a card in another column, to which we refer our readers.

P. A. OLDER states, through an advertisement, that proprietors of shows will find Independence, Ia., a cheap place to Winter in.

GEO. WAMBOLD and his son, little Georgie, who have just returned from South America and the West Indies, can be engaged for a short season, with their performing monkeys and dogs. Business: boneless wonder, posturing, glass-pyramids, etc. Address as per card.

A PARTNER with a small capital is advertised for elsewhere.

A BUSINESS MAN with $1,500 is wanted by "B," showman, who can be addressed in care of this office.

BARTINE'S CIRCUS and the Barlow Brothers' Novelty Troupe are billed to show at Middletown, Ind., Aug. 24, Lewisville 25, Knightstown 26, 27.

WOOTEN & ANDREWS' Great Southern Menagerie collapsed at London, Tenn., on Aug. 15.

THE GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS exhibited at Albany, N. Y., Aug. 18 and 19, to splendid business, the crowd in attendance on the first night being so great that many were unable to obtain admittance, while the succeeding performances were also largely attended. Route: Lynn, Mass., Sept. 2, Portsmouth, N. H., 3, Newburyport, Mass., 4, Salem 5, Lowell 7, Fitchburg 8, Marlboro 9, Taunton 10, and New Bedford 11.

JOHN WILSON'S CALIFORNIA PALACE AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, with all the original company from San Francisco, will open on Four Courts lot, St. Louis, Mo., on Aug. 29. Our correspondent, writing on the 20th, says: "They are building a very large amphitheatre to seat 7,000 people. They are billing the city to remain for a month.

BUCKLEY'S HIPPODROME showed at Columbus, O., Aug. 19.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS is to show at Montreal, P. Q., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, Cornwall, Ont., 3, Ottawa 4, 5, Brockville 7, Ogdensburg, N. Y., 8.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME has done an immense business during its stay in Boston, hundreds having been denied admission daily for want of room. On some occasions thousands were turned away.

E. E. BIRCH advertises for a fifty-foot round-top canvas and for two good organs. He would also like to hear from Harry-Cooper, sideshow-talker.

COLE'S DOMINION CIRCUS is billed to show at Arthurbastra, Canada, Aug. 24, Stamford 25, Danville 26, Richmond 28, Warwick 29, Somersville 31, St. Hyacinthe, Sept. 1, Waterloo 2, Vaubo 3, Farnham 4, Chambly 5, St. John 7, Laplarie 8, Beanharry 9, Anthony Horley, a driver with the show and a resident of New Market, Ont., was taken sick on Aug. 18, and died early on the morning of the 19th.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS and SANGER'S ENGLISH MENAGERIE performed at Valparaiso, Ind., Aug. 20, Crown Point 21, Blue Island 22, and are billed at Cincinnati, O., 23.

BUCKLEY'S HIPPODROME is to show at Canton, O., Aug. 27, Massillon 28, Wooster 29.

W. W. FERNALL would like to meet a party who can provide a camp, while he will furnish trick horses, etc., to use during the Fair season. See card.

MOLLIE BROWN, the youthful equestrienne, and Leopold and Geraldine, gymnasts, at present performing with Queen's Circus in San Francisco, Cal., are noticed as follows by *The Evening Bulletin*, Aug. 6:

The circus business is professionally rich if it possessed only little Mollie Brown, the famous equestrienne, who flings somersets on the bare back of a horse as recklessly as a harlequin. She has also achieved distinction as the only person of her sex who turns the somerset on horseback, and is said, withal, to be a lovable little child. The principal gymnastics are performed by Leopold and Geraldine, the trapeze act of this couple surpasses anything in this line ever before given on this coast. The gymnasts of the Olympic Club are surprised at the ease and real grace with which this couple are lifted by Leopold and Geraldine, and have taken many notes of new motions.

SEVERAL OF THE ATTACHES of the Great Eastern show participated in a presentation at Albany, N. Y., on Aug. 19, and the following account of the proceedings, which gives all the particulars, is copied from *The Albany Post* of the 20th:

PRESENTATION CEREMONY.—Yesterday evening, at 6 o'clock, a pleasant presentation took place at Stanwix Hall in this city. The members and attaches of the Great Eastern Circus assembled in the parlor of the hotel and presented Mr. C. C. Hughes, conductor of the Pullman's Palace Sleeping Car, which has headed the circus for the over two years, with a magnificent gold watch and chain, valued at $425. Mr. W. H. Shuey addressed Mr. Hughes as follows:

"Friend Hughes, since my first introduction to the members of this company a pleasanter duty has not been mine to perform than that which I am now about to discharge. I say a pleasant duty, because that duty is about to bestow pleasure upon one who has been our friend in darkness and in sunshine, in Winter and in Summer, as well when the clouds above us are low, as when they drop the gems leaves we hear the *carol* of the *robins-on* our ear. You have been *so-lod* man who is ever ready to take the part of the weak. Our esteem for you is built on solid foundation, and we will never cease to *haight* that man who *hughes* it down for a *penny*. Appreciating, sir, your excellent qualities as a gentleman, your kind and genial manner as friend and companion, and also the sacred consciousness with which you have ever faithfully discharged the peculiar duty of your office, we, as your fellow-employés and friends, beg you to accept this watch and chain as a token of our friendship and goodwill; and as I place it in your hands, I join most heartily with you and the donors in the sincere wish that you will find inscribed within, that wherever you may go, whatever you may do, wherever may be cast your lot, your future may be a bright and happy one, and may the God of Heaven ever keep you."

Mr. Hughes replied in an eloquent and feeling manner, attesting his keen and sensible appreciation of the attention of his comrades. We regret that we failed to obtain his effort for publication.

The names of the donors engraved on the watch are as follows: Jas. Robinson, Ed. Morgan, Geo. W. Zobold, Joseph H. Kinslow, Jas. Ealer, Col. W. W. Durand, Jacob Haight, H. W. Penney, Wm. E. Gorman, C. H. Lowry, Al. Miaco, Sam McFlinn, Wm. Carroll, Dan Green, H. S. Haight and W. H. Shuey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. W. SEAVEY advertises for sale an Irish jaunting-car, which would make a good street advertisement for a panorama of Ireland.

TOM W. FRENCH advertises magical tricks and automaton figures for sale.

J. H. GRAY, billposter, Willimantic, Ct., inserts his card in an ther column.

O. H. BUTLER, advance agent and treasurer, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is offered for sale. See "Manager's" card.

MARSHALL P. WILD can be addressed as per advertisement.

MCCORMICK MUSIC HALL, Chicago, Ill., having a capacity of twenty-five hundred, can be rented for first-class entertainments through the proprietor, whose address finu in our business department.

AN OUTSIDE ORATOR and worker for a camera-obscura at fairs is advertised for.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Providence, R. I., has been fitted up with a stage and scenery, and will supply the place of Harris's Opera-house.

MCGILL & STRONG'S Mirror of Ireland is to be exhibited at the Opera-house, Providence, R. I., Sept. 7, 8, 9.

PROF. S. S. BALDWIN is to give his exposure of spiritualism at Jacksonville, Ill., Aug. 24.

THE ARENA to be run in Cincinnati during the Exposition by Messrs. Davis & Lipman will be known as the "Jackleys' Circus," and the principal attraction will be the Jackley Family, William H. Morgan, Abelarde Lowando, and others. It opens on the old Palace Variety lot on the 27th.

P. T. BARNUM'S Roman Hippodrome will open for two weeks at the junction of Broad, Morris and Diamond streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. After that date performances will be given both day and night. The Congress of Nations and the several classes of races, with gymnastic performances, will be given on the grandest scale imaginable.

A. ZENDO & PHILLION are the proprietors, and Achille S. Phillion manager. They go to St. Thomas and the Windward Islands, and thence to South America.

MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES closed an engagement at New Castle, Australia, June 30.

VARIETY HALLS.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. JAMES PILLIER.—Deceased had been ailing for some time through heart disease, and had to take rest from his professional duties, but no serious consequences were anticipated. Indeed, as late as Aug. 2 Mr. Hillier was at the usual rendezvous of the profession, at Kennington, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. On Aug. 3 he had dined, had written a letter to his brother, bidding him God-speed on his journey to America, and was sitting down for his after-dinner siesta, when he was seen by his wife to fall forward from his chair, and, before medical assistance could be called, he was dead. Mr. Hillier, who was only thirty-four years of age, first became connected with the musical profession in the capacity of a chorister in the Irvingite, or Catholic and Apostolic, Church. Later on he was numbered in the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, and subsequently was engaged on a provincial tour with Mr. Elliot Galer's Company. Afterwards he played low-comedy parts at various theatres. Last year, it will be remembered, he undertook the principal part at the Surrey Gardens in the musical burlesque "Orpheus and Eurydice," and still more recently he filled the place of Mr. Terry at the Strand Theatre in "Nemesis," during the absence of the last-named gentleman. On the Music Hall stage he had gained well-deserved popularity, and the geniality of his disposition had secured him the goodwill and esteem of all who knew him. The funeral took place Aug. 7, at Brompton Cemetery, London, Eng., and was attended by a large number of professionals. Mr. Hillier left a wife and five young children to mourn their loss.

HENRY WALL, the husband of the lady professionally known as Miss Annie Adams, serio-comic vocalist, was fined 40s. and 9s. costs for an assault upon George Henry Rope, at the theatre in Margate, whom he charged with hissing his wife during her singing.

HENRY TAFFAS, manager of the Malakoff Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., died July 30.

CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY were performing nightly at the London Pavillion and Cambridge Music Halls, London, Eng.

THE RAYNONS were doing turns at the Royal and the London Pavillion Music Halls, London, Eng.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER continue their performances at the Oxford, London, Eng.

QUILTER AND GOLDRICH arrived from America in Liverpool, Eng., on Aug. 1, and are performing with Sam Hague's Minstrels in that city.

CIRCUSES.

MRS. MARY ANN COOKE, wife of William Cooke, late of Astley's, died at Bognor, Sussex, Eng., Aug. 6, aged 65 years.

ACCIDENT AT SANGERS' CIRCUS.—During the hippodramatic performance in the Cardigan Fields, Leeds, of Sangers' troupe, on Aug. 1, in the presence of thousands of persons, six thoroughbred horses were contending in a race, when one of the animals bolted, threw the rider, and plunged into the crowd. A young woman, who imprudently stepped on the course, was knocked down and sustained a fracture of the scull.

THE VICTORIA CIRCUS is reported as doing a good business in the island of Jamaica, W. I.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARRISBURG THEATRE, PA., will open for the season of 1874, SEPT. 1.
J. L. MERCHANT, MANAGER.
GOOD TALENT WANTED. Also, SIX LADIES wanted to open with. A LEADER wanted. Address J. L. MERCHANT, Revere House, N. Y. City, until Sept. 1. 22-1t*

AMATEUR.

MISS ADELE MAGUIRE is to have a benefit at New Orleans, La., on Aug. 14, tendered her by the Southern Dramatic and Variety Clubs.

THE ORLEANS DRAMATIC CLUB gave Miss Louise Hawthorne a benefit at New Orleans, La., on Aug. 18.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, which was organized in 1860 and incorporated by an act of Legislature Feb. 12, 1869, is to inaugurate their Fall and Winter season on Sept. 2, acting "Rosedale." Performances are given every Wednesday evening.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

A NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Our London correspondent Mr. Howard Paul, under date of Aug. 6 sends us the following:

The Haymarket season closed last night with Mr. Buckstone's bench. A crowded house testified to the popularity of the actor and manager, and Mr. Buchanan's new comedy, "A Madcap Prince," was received with all the usual demonstrations of approval. Mr. Robert Buchanan the poet is the author of the new comedy, which is a sketch of modern life, but is simply another version of a theme that has been treated dramatically times out of number. The Cavalier and Puritan business has been literally done to death, and Charles Stuart's escape after the battle of Worcester is a

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

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PITTSBURG OPERA-HOUSE,
PITTSBURG, PA.
Ladies and gentlemen engaged for the season of 1874-75 will please assemble for rehearsal
SEPT. 3, 1874.
22-2t ELLSLER & GOTTHOLD, Managers.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Ladies and gentlemen engaged for the season of of 1874-75 will please assemble for rehearsal Sept. 10, 1874.
22-3t JOHN A. ELLSLER, Manager.

WANTED, A GOOD TROM-bone and Baritone player for E. B. Brown's Dramatic Co. Baritone for band, trombone for orchestra. Must have good instruments and read well. Also wanted, a Property-man, to play snare drum, etc. Address, with photo., E. B. BROWN, Manager, Glasgow, Ky. 22-1t*

MANAGERS AND PROFES-sIONALS GREETING. Copies of the following new and original sensational plays for sale: THE SON OF THE SUN, four acts (copyrighted); KNIGHTS OF THE FOOTBOARD, four acts, with prologue or one act for specialty artist (copyrighted); THE MAN HUNTER, four acts, with prologues, or one act for specialty artist (Dutch and Irish character); also sensational play for lady protean artiste, embracing six different changes. Price, $25. SHOCK THE KEYSTONE. Managers and professionals, please open correspondence at once, for synopsis, etc. Address CHAS. E. HELM, Dramatist and Author, General Delivery, Indianapolis, Ind. 22-1t*

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COMBINATION.
The artists engaged to support MISS BRESLAU will please take notice that the season commences SATURDAY, AUG. 29, in Burlington, Wis. A few vacancies yet. Would like to hear from FRANK PERKINS. Address GEO. A. FAIR, Manager, Box 51, Lyons, Wis. 22-1t*

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